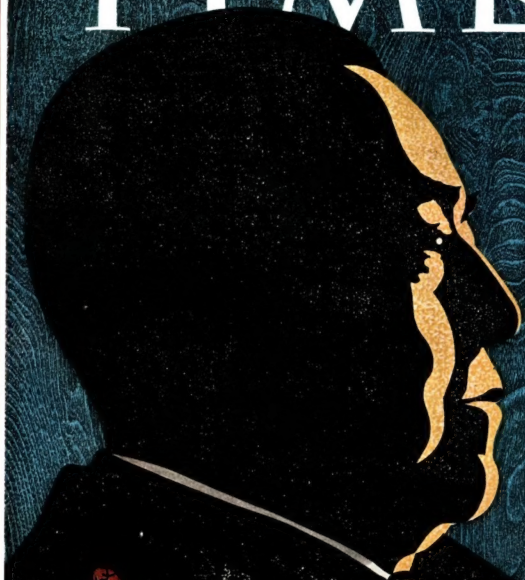


FIFTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 10, 1967

ISLAND OF STABILITY IN ASIA

TIME



Shigeo Miyazawa

JAPAN'S
PREMIER
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VOL. 89 NO. 6

(PUBLISHED WEEKLY)



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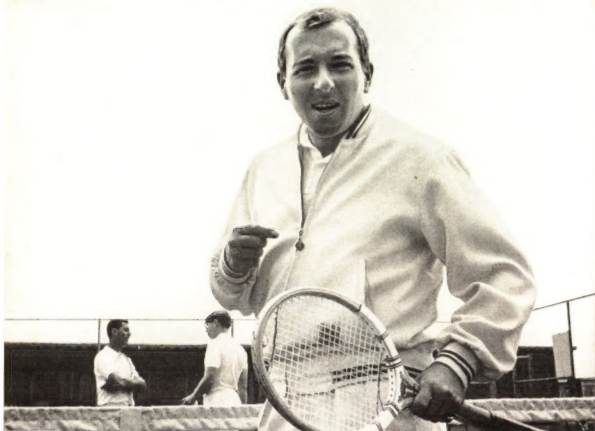
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Dieter Ehlermann is a teaching tennis professional in Palm Beach, Florida, and New Rochelle, New York. He is a member of the U.S. Professional Lawn Tennis Association.



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, February 8

SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "GUYS AND DOLLS" (ABC, 8-11 p.m.). Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra, Jean Simmons and Vivian Blaine re-create the world of Damon Runyon in the 1955 film version of Broadway's *Guys and Dolls*.

Thursday, February 9

ABC STAGE 67 (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Lauren Bacall and John Forsythe trip through the dance trends over the years in "The Light Fantastic, or How to Tell Your Past, Present and Maybe Your Future Through Social Dancing."

Friday, February 10

DANNY THOMAS SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). "Guys 'n' Geishas," an Oriental version of you-know-what, with Jack Jones, Danny Thomas and Jonathan Winters getting together with some Japanese dolls for a game of musical hide-and-seek throughout Japan.

Sunday, February 12

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 12:30-1:30 p.m.). Author William Manchester is the guest.

DIRECTIONS (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). "A Time to Sing" presents Judy Collins in a concert of folk songs by Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs and the late Richard Farina.

THE CHILDREN'S FILM FESTIVAL (CBS, 4-5 p.m.). *The Blind Bird*, produced in Russia, tells of a boy's attempts to restore the sight of his pet pelican.

THE WIZARD OF OZ (CBS, 6-8 p.m.). Danny Kaye hosts this (1939) film classic, as Judy Garland follows the rainbow in search of her Wizard.

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). A peek into the on- and off-stage life of Concert Pianist Robert Casadesu, his wife Gaby and their eldest son Jean, in "Casadesu: First Family of the Piano."

Monday, February 13

PINOCCHIO (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The Prince Street Players bring that wooden puppet, Pinocchio, back to boy again.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE ICE CAPADES 1967 (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Jimmy Durante, M.C.

Tuesday, February 14

HALL OF KINGS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). James Mason, Lynn Redgrave and Siobhan McKenna recall some of Britain's great men and women during their tour of Westminster Abbey.

N.E.T. PLAYHOUSE (shown on Fridays). Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, produced by Sir Laurence Olivier and featuring the original Chichester Festival Theatre cast: Dame Sybil Thorneike, Sir Michael Redgrave, Rosemary Harris, Joan Plowright, Max Adrian, and Olivier himself.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE HOMECOMING is a totally engrossing drama. Written sparsely by Harold Pinter, directed tautly by Peter Hall, performed perfectly by members of the Royal Shakespeare Company, it tickles one's humor

while gnawing the instincts and scraping the soul.

THE WILD DUCK. The destruction wrought by an integrity that is more cruel than compassionate is the theme of Henrik Ibsen's drama about a determined idealist who enters a household that is constructed on compromise and held together by gentle illusions. Played competently, if not brilliantly, by the APA repertory company.

AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT is a chatter-and-patter revue by two stage personalities, Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, who might have come through the looking glass. They lead their devotees through a wonderland of whimsy, where, among other things, a nearsighted armadillo falls in love with a tank.

THE STAR-SPANGLED GIRL. Neil Simon's latest comedy entry is funny in spurts, but labors under three hard-to-shake burdens: a hackneyed book, heavy-handed direction, and ho-hum acting.

PLAYING HAPPY is an old-fashioned musical with an old-fashioned charm, enhanced by little Norman Wisdom, whose big talent carries the show.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Londoners in the 18th century frequented Richard Sheridan's classroom of comedy to be taught their three Rs: the Risqué, Rumor, Revenge. The APA go through the lessons with a flick of their wits.

Off Broadway

EH? In Henry Livings' farce, a mod menace (Dustin Hoffman) creates his own universe, where what poses up does not necessarily fall down, where illogic is logical and nonsense makes sense.

AMERICA HURRAH is what's happening in terms of free-form, timely theater. Jean-Claude van Itallie's three playlets are high-speed trips through a contemporary world of fragmented experience.

RECORDS

Instrumentalists

BARTOK: VIOLIN CONCERTO NO. 2 (Angel). Yehudi Menuhin's new recording of Bartok's major concerto must compete with Isaac Stern's, among others currently in the catalogue. Stern provides flashes of greater brilliance, but Menuhin's conceptual sweep and melting warmth, plus the fine sound of the New Philharmonia Orchestra, under Antal Dorati, make the performance a winner.

BRAHMS: CONCERTO NO. 1 (RCA Victor). Artur Schnabel interpreting in his 70s what Brahms wrote in his 20s avoids romantic posturing but plays with deeply remembered passion. Every note falls lucidly into place, backed by the majestic resources of the Boston Symphony, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf.

BERNSTEIN: AGE OF ANXIETY (Columbia). Bernstein's second symphony based on W. H. Auden's poem, which opens in a Third Avenue bar, has recently been revised to enlarge the role of the solo pianist, "an almost autobiographical protagonist set against an orchestral mirror." Philippe Entremont gives a quicksilver performance of the haunting music against the background of the New York Philharmonic, conducted by the composer.

LOUIS SPOHR: VIOLIN CONCERTOS NOS. 8 AND 9 (R.Oiseau-Lyre). Spohr is best known today for being one of the first

conductors to use a baton. As a composer he topped off the classic period with music of more sweetness than passion. But the chromatic inventiveness of these concertos is still piquant and their cadenzas seem to lie perfectly under the virtuoso fingers of the London violinist Hyman Brown.

A LORAIN HOLLANDER CONCERT (RCA Victor). At 22, Hollander has put aside the bravura piano works that exhibit his powerful techniques to play a more contemplative selection from Schumann, Brahms, Bach and Beethoven. The shorter pieces are poetic and moving, but his performance of Beethoven's *D Minor Sonata* is in some passages tentative, lacking the authoritative grandeur of a great pianist.

J. S. BACH: HARPSICHORD CONCERTOS NOS. 1 AND 2 (Crossroads). The dust of ages disappears when the fine Czech harpsichordist Susannah Ruzicková plays Bach with strong surging lines bursting through an ironclad beat. The Prague Chamber Orchestra provides sensitive partnership.

DELLA PIANA CONCERTO (Decca). As a young man, Della went out from England to spend a year managing his father's plantation in Florida, and snatches of Negro spirituals seem to echo in the dreamy sequences of his only piano concerto. Playing with the North German Radio Symphony Orchestra under William Strickland, Marjorie Mitchell gives a full-blooded performance of the seldom-heard romantic work.

CINEMA

LA GUERRE EST FINIE. The war ended in 1939 for all but a dwindling group of long-memoried men. Director Alain Resnais' evocation of those memories is at times pat and prolonged, but Singer-Actor Yves Montand, as Diego, an old rebel with a past but no future, breathes into an air of melancholy strength into the film.

YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW. Bernard (Peter Kastner) is a little boy who grows up absurd, wavering between his girl friends (Elizabeth Hartman, Karen Black) and his parents (Geraldine Page, Rip Torn). Though the farce is sometimes forced, this first big-league effort by Writer-Director-Producer Francis Ford Coppola suggests bigger things to come.

TO BE A CROOK. Four movie-struck factory workers cast themselves as Robin Hoods and quit their jobs to play a crime-filled scenario in the streets of New Orleans. The fun and games end when a real cop tries to arrest them. Four French unknowns turn in poignant performances under the sensitive direction of Claude Lelouch (*A Man and a Woman*).

HOTEL. The film version of Novelist Arthur Hailey's 1965 bestseller about clean towels and dirty people in a New Orleans hotel is more worthy of a stopover than the book. The improvement is due mainly to Director Richard Quine's smoothly geared meshing of the various subplots and solid performances by Rod Taylor, Michael Redgrave, Merle Oberon, Karl Malden.

BLOW-UP. A photographer escapes his mod models for an afternoon and wanders after a pair of bucolic lovers, whom he snaps on the sly. In a brilliant episode back in the darkroom, he develops his film and his dilemma. Italian Director Michelangelo Antonioni records the London scene—and some things that are not seen—in his first English film.

GRAND PRIX. Formula One racing cars are the stars of this revved-up and spun-out (three hours) ode to autos. Sixteen camera

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teams shot 1,000,000 feet of film, much of it at last year's Grand Prix races, and Director John Frankenheimer has fashioned a heart-stopping movie slowed down only by the romantic detours of the drivers (James Garner, Yves Montand) and their camp followers (Eva Marie Saint, Françoise Hardy).

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. Actor Paul Scofield's mesmerizing performance as 16th century Martyr Sir Thomas More and Playwright Robert Bolt's superb adaptation of his eloquent play add up to one of the most intelligent religious films ever made.

BOOKS

Best Reading

INSIDE SOUTH AMERICA, by John Gunther. A political travelogue of the South American continent, conducted by a tour guide who knows all the sights but moves too briskly to explain them thoroughly.

DEATH ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN, by Louis-Ferdinand Céline. The scandalous French author's controversial classic in a new, unpurged version that softens neither the obscenities nor the bitter anti-Semitism.

RAKÓSSY, by Cecelia Holland. A novel about 16th century Hungary that belongs to the Mary Renault-Zoe Oldenbourg school of authentic historical fiction.

PAPER LION, by George Plimpton. As a nervous newcomer to the squad, Plimpton persuaded members of the Detroit Lions football team to talk seriously and precisely about their positions, their skills and how a Sunday's campaign is plotted. The result is the best book to date on pro football.

HAROLD NICOLSON: DIARIES AND LETTERS, 1920-1939, edited by Nigel Nicolson. The author was always near the center of the action at Whitehall, and he knew London's brilliant and beautiful people. There is rare immediacy to his diaries—faithfully jotted down every morning after breakfast for most of a decade.

LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE, edited by Richard Ellmann. The letters provide the only explanations Joyce ever offered about his revolutionary techniques in the novel, and also reveal the bohemian artist as doting husband and father.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Secret of Santa Vittoria, Crichton (1 last week)
2. Capable of Honor, Drury (2)
3. The Birds Fall Down, West (3)
4. The Mask of Apollo, Renault (5)
5. Valley of the Dolls, Surann (4)
6. All in the Family, O'Connor (6)
7. The Fixer, Malamud (7)
8. The Captain, De Hartog
9. Tai-Pan, Clavell (8)
10. The Beautiful Life, Gilbert (9)

NONFICTION

1. The Jury Returns, Nizer (5)
2. Everything But Money, Levenson (1)
3. Paper Lion, Plimpton (2)
4. Madame Sarah, Skinner
5. Games People Play, Berne (6)
6. Rush to Judgment, Lane (4)
7. The Boston Strangler, Frank (3)
8. Random House Dictionary of the English Language (9)
9. With Kennedy, Salinger (7)
10. How to Avoid Probate, Dacey (8)

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Of Gallantry and Patriotism

Sir: The entire world will mourn the loss of the three astronauts [Feb. 3]. It is certain that the last thing the three gallant men concerned would wish would be for the space program to be abandoned. The benefits already given to mankind as a result of the space program are indeed tremendous, thanks to the devotion to duty of all concerned. Thank you, U.S.A.

G. O. PRIESTLEY

Yorkshire, England

Sir: Perhaps the death of the three astronauts was a tragic reminder to the American public that will hopefully shock us out of our increasing indifference toward our space program.

The most glorifying encomium is not sufficient praise for the astronauts' tenacity, gallantry and courage. On television, their ardent patriotism was spoken of in a seemingly apologetic manner. In this day and age, there aren't enough heroes to emulate, and when someone has to apologize for patriotism, then our country is in a sad state of affairs.

JEFFREY PAUL CUSTER, '68

STEPHEN J. BINDER, '68

Mount Hermon School
Mount Hermon, Mass.

Sir: I shall always feel as if three members of my family were lost.

(MRS.) NAOMI RUSSELL

San Diego

Gasp!

Sir: Your article on air pollution [Jan. 27] is a timely call for immediate action to combat an evil about which too much is said and too little done. Man's greatest problem has always been one of resisting some form of self-destruction, and the threat posed to life on earth by pollution is certainly more serious than most of us would even privately admit.

DAVID L. WESTERMAN

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir: Cities, states and nations will continue to clamor for new industry even though it contaminates the air and pollutes the lakes and streams. You see, those belching smokestacks symbolize prosperity. And we congratulate ourselves on the good fortune to live in this effluent society.

JOHN M. KEEFER

Medina, Ohio

Sir: With regard to the air pollution of Los Angeles, I recall that in the very be-

LETTERS

ginning of the smog era, the city's transportation officials did what has proved to be a foolish thing. They eliminated all the electric trains that fed into the city from the suburbs and tore up their tracks.

DONNA L. PREBLE

Carmel, Calif.

Sir: For heaven's sake, let's think ahead this time! If the ignition on my neighbor's car can cause interference on my hi-fi and TV, think of the electronic havoc that would be wrought in a city full of cars powered by electricity. The car must be replaced by mass transportation in urban centers—there is no other choice.

THOMAS A. CABARGA

Chapel Hill, N.C.

No Cool at Cal

Sir: Your article regarding the dismissal of California's President Clark Kerr [Jan. 27] is disturbing in its lack of perception. Dr. Kerr most certainly did not "lose his cool" during the 1964 demonstrations at Berkeley, nor has he since. If anything, he lost the deserved, rational support of the news media and moderate public in California, who were willing to allow the hue and-cry of a few brief, sophomoric disturbances to obscure the significant miracle of Berkeley's steady rise to first place among the nation's—and probably the world's—graduate schools.

It was a coalition of sensationalism and anti-intellectualism that sacrificed a great man to minor issues. It was the 14 regents of the University who, in firing Dr. Kerr, "lost their cool." Now the vast majority of students and faculty who have been directly affected by his dismissal are straining to keep from losing their.

JOHN PETERS, '67

U.C.L.A.

Los Angeles

Sir: Your assumption that Clark Kerr was fired justifiably because he "failed to keep the peace at Cal" has disturbing implications for those of us who do not believe that "peace at any price" is an appropriate slogan for a university.

According to your reasoning, a prime candidate for Kerr's job would be the warden of San Quentin—except that he has had his own troubles keeping the peace lately, even with the aid of armed guards.

(MRS.) ANN LAPIDES

Los Altos Hills, Calif.

Sir: I would like to congratulate Governor Reagan and the board of regents for an excellent decision in terminating Dr.

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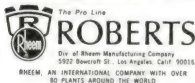
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Clark Kerr as president of that institution. I feel certain that, had the ex-president used a little forethought and restraint, the demonstrations of recent years might not have occurred.

I firmly believe in democracy in every facet of society, but there must be certain guidelines and considerations for others. From the number of demonstrators and the enrollment of the university, it appears to be another minority group attempting to dictate policy, as is the case in most upheavals in today's Great Societies.

EDGAR P. GARRISON SR.

Richmond

Pop Goes the Easel

Sir: Three cheers for your excellent Essay on art today [Jan. 27]. I recently completed a course in modern art in hopes that I might gain some appreciation for the currently hailed art trends. However, I was completely disillusioned with the hodgepodge of junk that supposedly caters to the American taste. I can find beauty in the colors of Pollock, design in the geometric abstraction of Malevich, and esthetic reasons for the distortions of Picasso; however, I can find no purpose in pop art or minimal art. Previously, I thought that I just wasn't with it; now I know there's nothing to get with.

PAMELA TRIEFF

University of Bridgeport
Bridgeport, Conn.

Sir: Your Essay reads as though contemporary art were imported from another planet. Do you forget that these works are products of earth men reflecting or reacting, albeit esthetically, to their life and times? The gold-plush-carpeted stairway leading nowhere may indeed be a most appropriate symbol of our time.

Whatever the criticism of minimal art, it is certainly thought-provoking. (An occasional unsolvable puzzle is rather fun.) It invites, demands, investigates and hinges upon intellectual involvement on the part of the viewer, and this, I think, is good. If art is not giving us answers, why single it out? Who or what is offering answers in our chaotic world?

DON CRISER

Painter-Teacher

Henry Ford Community College
Dearborn, Mich.

Sir: Never before have the artists made such an attempt to involve their audience with the objects of art. They create art around us in the form of happenings, environments, events, and *flavours*. They make it possible for us to experience art unique to ourselves by asking us to peer into a box containing a kaleidoscopic arrangement of mirrors.

I, for one, am enjoying a new excitement in the formerly drab, everyday world about me. For this, I thank the modern artists without making any attempts to define art.

FRANK MUDRAK

Beloit, Wis.

That Wilsonian Complex

Sir: I read with some concern your review of the Freud-Bullitt book on Woodrow Wilson [Jan. 27]. It seems that your anonymous reviewer fell into the trap of biting prejudice that he so violently objected to in the book. It is quite true that the very basis of the book—the Oedipus complex and the general libidinal theory—is under serious review by psychologists today, but judging from the article, I find it hard to believe that your reviewer con-

siders psychoanalysis much more than "a fantastic parlor game" anyway.

DOUGLAS M. MCGHEIN

Westfield, Mass.

Sir: Your critical comments on the Freud-Bullitt analysis of Wilson come as welcome news to scientists engaged in psychological research. Such people have long been troubled by the general acceptance of Freud's work by the public. Freud always considered himself a scientist, but neither he nor his followers have achieved much more than the unscientific system of fanciful ideas represented by the Wilson analysis. Scientists expect more of their theories than Freud's system has yet achieved, or probably ever will.

JOHN W. REICH, PH.D.

Assistant Professor of Psychology

Arizona State University
Tempe

The Acid Test

Sir: Let's get on with a meaningful and unbiased national assessment of school performance [Jan. 27]. This is something long past due. It would make much more meaningful the various federal aid programs. We're spending an awful lot of money in this area. What are we buying in the way of performance? Right now, it sounds as if we have no way of knowing.

JACK WICHES

Vienna, Va.

Sir: For half a century now, the proponents of the testing movement in schools and universities have been corrupting education by coercive actions in making course content, student behavior, discipline, teacher behavior, guidance and administration correspond to their stupid, inane and monotonous tests.

The testing racket has no scientific foundation and can serve only to corrupt and mold education further to its crude, gutless, senseless statistical values and fraudulent scientism. It makes cheats and dissemblers of a majority of the students and educational institutions, and is the main barrier to equalization of civil rights.

KARL U. SMITH

Professor of Psychology

University of Wisconsin
Madison

Lifemanship

Sir: Metropolitan Opera's Rudolf Bing, while pondering the virtues in growing old [Jan. 20], should consider Maurice Chevalier's statement: "Old age isn't so bad when you consider the alternative."

JEROME E. SAINY

Morristown, N.J.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shupley

THIS week's cover is a woodcut—
 TIME's first in that medium. For
 Japanese Printmaker Kiyoshi Saito,
 however, it is not his first appearance
 in the magazine. His work should be
 familiar to many TIME readers: as
 long ago as 1951, we introduced the
 then-unknown Saito in the Art sec-
 tion and reproduced in color his now-
 famous woodcut, *Cat*.

He is still startled by the reaction to
 that story: "Suddenly my gallery was
 swamped with orders for *Cat* from
 around the world. In no time at all,
 the print disappeared from Japan." Saito
 limited the edition to 35 prints, and
 the work became a collector's item.
 One print was recently quoted by a
 Manhattan dealer at \$1,500. Saito's
 original price was \$16.60.

Today, the bold style and clean
 line of Japan's foremost woodcut artist
 can be seen in major museums
 the world over. Among his early col-
 lectors was an American naval officer
 named Jerry Schecter, who was based
 in Kobe in 1957 and returned to
 Japan in 1964 as TIME-111 bureau
 chief in Tokyo. Schecter filed the bulk
 of the reporting for this week's cover
 to Writer Robert Jones and Senior
 Editor Edward Jameson. Schecter
 also led the search for a Japanese
 artist to portray Japan's Premier.
 Saito was an almost inevitable choice,
 but he approached the task with some
 apprehension. "After all," he said,
 "up to then I had never done the like-
 ness of a face except of Buddhist im-
 ages and prehistoric *huma* figu-
 rines." In one furious sitting, the artist
 squatted on the floor and filled a
 large sketchbook with his drawings.
 Back at his studio, he transferred a
 composite of his sketches to five
 blocks—one for each color—of a
 soft Japanese wood called *ven*, from
 which the cover portrait was made.

As for the cover story, Writer
 Jones was able to draw on his own



ARTIST SAITO AT WORK

expertise as well as that of Bureau
 Chief Schecter. Reporters Frank
 Iwama and Sungying Chang, and
 Researcher Sara Collins Jones put in
 three tours of duty with the Navy in
 Japanese waters in the '50s. "You feel
 you understand the Japanese," he
 says. "The people captivate you. The
 Japanese are complex, but they are
 quite scrutable."

FOR the past 15 years, John Scott,
 an assistant to TIME's publisher,
 has been roaming the world and re-
 porting on its major problems. His
 assignments have varied from the
 Common Market to the turmoil of
 Southeast Asia. After his trips, Scott,
 a former TIME foreign correspond-
 ent, lectures on his findings in four
 languages (English, Russian, French
 and German) to business and aca-
 demic audiences around the world.
 He also writes a book-length report
 on each tour, which we send to busi-
 ness executives, government officials,
 educators, labor leaders. This week
 we are distributing Scott's latest
 study, done after visits to Asia, "Hun-
 ger—Must We Starve?" Scott's an-
 swer: Not necessarily, provided that
 man makes the most of modern meth-
 ods of population control and im-
 proves food production. His next
 subject: Viet Nam.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

February 10, 1967

Vol. 89, No. 6

THE NATION

THE WAR

Listening to Bubbles from Hanoi

Never in the two arduous years since the U.S. began its major buildup in Viet Nam has official Washington wavered so palpably between hope and skepticism about the prospects of ending the war. The hope was based on an almost extrasensory feeling that there

Times's Harrison Salisbury, testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee about his two-week stay in North Viet Nam last month, expressed the conviction that Hanoi, increasingly unsure of Peking's aid, is "ready to talk business."

"Could Be." If the optimism had any visible attachment to fact, it was by a frail thread of innuendo spun by Hanoi's Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh in an interview with Newsman Wilfred Burchett, an Australian-born Communist, who has long been a mouthpiece for Asian Reds but has been more attuned to the Moscow line than to that of Peking. The key to Trinh's position was his well-hedged sentence: "It is only after the unconditional cessation of U.S. bombing and all other acts of war against the DRV [Democratic Republic of Viet Nam] that there could be talks between the DRV and the U.S."

Though the words were carefully conditional and hardly conciliatory, several governments with consulates in Hanoi were advised by the Communists that it was a "semaphoric" statement. Accordingly, they relayed to Washington the implication that an American bombing halt might result in peace talks. U.S. Hanoi-watchers were quick to note that the "could be" statement did not once refer to North Viet Nam's oft-repeated four-point conditions for negotiations; in particular, it did not mention the Viet Cong as a full-fledged negotiating partner from the start. Beyond that, there was a great deal of conjecture about several imponderables that may indeed be pushing North Viet Nam toward the conference table:

► The upheaval in Red China could jeopardize Peking's will and means to support North Viet Nam's war effort. ► Hanoi's own ability to prosecute the war may have been severely eroded by the relentless punishment it has taken from the air.

► Russia and its European allies are unhappy over the cost of the war—which they have helped to defray to the extent of perhaps \$2 billion in the past decade—and may be increasing the pressure on Hanoi to make a settlement. ► The markedly more stable political situation in Saigon, added to the military setbacks suffered by the Viet Cong, may indicate to the North that it cannot hope to win through outright conquest.

No Trade. Whatever the realities, the Johnson Administration was playing a cautious game. Five times at his mid-week press conference, the President rephrased and repeated the same cautious litany: "In all candor, I must say that I am not aware of any serious effort that the other side has made, in my judgment, to bring the fighting to a stop."

In real terms, the U.S. was not about



HANOI'S NGUYEN DUY TRINH

An extrasensory feeling ...

is a change in the air, that Hanoi might be softening its intransigence toward peace talks. The skepticism reflected the fact that North Viet Nam has yet to make a single tangible overture toward negotiations.

Groundless as they might prove, the glimmerings of hope were remarkably prevalent last week. Bill Moyers, departing the White House press office for his new job as a newspaper publisher, said: "We can smell something. We don't know what it is, but there is something there." Maxwell Taylor, reporting to the President on his first trip back to Saigon since his 1965 resignation as U.S. ambassador there, agreed. "Something," he said, "is starting to move."

Senator Robert Kennedy predicted that the weeks ahead would prove "critical and crucial." And the New York



AUSTRALIAN NEWSMAN BURCHETT

... of change in the air.

to trade a quitclaim on bombing for pacific intimations from Hanoi. If the raids were unilaterally halted once more with no sign of any reciprocal de-escalation by Hanoi, Washington is fearful of what might follow. If it then became necessary to resume the raids, the Administration tears a vociferous reaction from the American people—both from disappointed doves and do-or-die hawks—as well as from governments around the world.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk took pains last week to make the point that it would be tactically foolish for the U.S. to suspend bombing unconditionally. In an interview on British television, the Secretary warned: "We need to know what is going to happen if we stop bombing. Otherwise, North Viet Nam could sit there safe and comfortable, perhaps for the next 50 years,

continuing its efforts to send in men and supplies."

Carbonation. Behind all the public pronouncements there is the fact that Washington is engaged in an intricate, intensive effort to probe what exactly North Viet Nam has to offer in return for U.S. concessions. One hopeful indication, despite the absence of overt signals from Hanoi, is the very caution with which the Administration publicly treats any possibility of discussions. In nearly every crisis since the end of World War II, the groundwork for ultimate settlement has been laid in the utmost secrecy. In the case of Viet Nam, a secret diplomatic dialogue might possibly lead to a full-dress series of public conferences. Or it could lead to a *de facto* withering away of the conflict.

After repeated flurries of hope and subsequent frustration, Administration

son, "is a hazardous-duty job, and I have learned recently that danger can lurk in unsuspected places. Portrait unveilings, for example."

That aside came at the White House showing of another presidential portrait—this one a new painting of Franklin Delano Roosevelt by New York Artist Elizabeth Shoumatoff. * On hand for the nostalgic, two-hour East Room ceremony, which commemorated the late President's 85th birthday, were three of F.D.R.'s children, Anna, Franklin Jr. and John, as well as such aging Roosevelt aides as former Attorney General Francis Biddle and F.D.R.'s personal secretary, Grace Tully. Carefully characterizing himself "not as a judge of painting, but as a judge of men," L.B.J. nonetheless could not resist noting that Shoumatoff's likeness of his political idol was "a portrait I like." Commissioned by

to the U.S. In yet another message, Johnson revealed that the U.S. was sending 2,000,000 tons of grain to drought-stricken India, asked Congress to approve an additional allocation of grain "not to exceed 3,000,000 tons" and with the proviso that "it is appropriately matched by other countries." Though that carefully limited proposal caused some consternation in New Delhi, the President made eloquently clear the U.S.'s commitment to a "continuing world campaign against hunger."

In obvious high spirits, Johnson made a surprise appearance one evening at a conference of 500 business executives, played host the next morning to a visiting delegation of Junior Chamber of Commerce officials. After attending the annual presidential prayer breakfast, at which he confessed that "none of us can ever be certain that we are right," Johnson found time for his first meeting with Georgia's Democratic Governor Lester Maddox, who as a segregationist restaurateur had picketed the White House in 1965. Allowed Maddox after his ten-minute private chat with L.B.J.: "The country is big enough for all of us."

Returning to the TV screen for his first formal press conference in more than a month, Johnson fielded repeated questions about Viet Nam negotiations, used the occasion primarily to press for the Administration's proposed consular treaty with the Soviet Union. Dismissing warnings by FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover and others that Soviet officials would use U.S. consulates for spying purposes, the President noted that the treaty, as envisioned, would add no more than 15 Soviet diplomats to the 452 already in the U.S. In fact, said the President, "Mr. Hoover has assured me that this small increment would raise no problems which the FBI cannot effectively and efficiently deal with."

Innocent Fib. Though devoid of any real news, the press conference was refreshingly low-keyed. There were only one or two bumps. Speaking hours after G.O.P. Minority Leaders Everett Dirksen and Gerald Ford assailed his budget as "shabby and phony," the President said he would deal with congressional Republicans "like I'm trying to do with our adversaries in other places in the world." That seemed like a rather unfortunate comparison, but, added Johnson, he only meant that he would try to "meet them halfway." Nor did the President help the old credibility problem when he insisted that the Democratic National Committee gave unprecedented campaign assistance to party candidates in last fall's off-year elections—an assertion flatly contradicted by the bitter complaints of his own party leaders.

More innocent was Johnson's fib, in reply to a lighthearted question about his relations with newsmen, that "I haven't given a lot of thought to you in the press." He added more convincingly: "If you can endure it in the press, I'll try to endure it in the presidency."



ARTIST SHOUMATOFF & THE JOHNSONS WITH PORTRAIT OF F.D.R.
Somehow appropriate to evoke the New Deal.

Hanoi-watchers have come to define the present situation as "effervescence," a state of diplomatic ferment. Despite past disappointments, Washington and the world are closely analyzing the bubbles from Hanoi to see whether they are merely propaganda carbonation or signs of a substantive change of temper in North Viet Nam.

THE PRESIDENCY

Back at Stage Center

Re-emerging into public view after weeks of hard-working seclusion, Lyndon Johnson seemed at once confident and uncommonly circumspect. He appeared determined not to shroud his movements in the usual, much-criticized secrecy, and he obviously tried to keep his utterances restrained but natural. The President even alluded wryly to the furor over his rejection of Artist Peter Hurd's official presidential portrait last month. "The presidency," mused John-

the White House Historical Association, it will displace a painting of George Washington in the presidential office, and will hang there, Johnson said reverently, "as long as I am President."

Big Enough for All. Johnson's evocation of the New Deal seemed appropriate during a week in which he was busily urging action in vast areas of American life. In his message dealing mainly with air pollution, he called for a welter of other conservation and beautification measures as well. Next day he asked Congress to increase benefits to servicemen, veterans and Government employees in war zones by \$250 million a year. At the same time, he was readying a major message on crime for a presentation this week.

Nor was the President's vision limited

* Who previously painted three other portraits of F.D.R., including the one for which he was sitting when fatally stricken in Warm Springs, Ga., in April 1945.



FRENCH PARATROOPERS AT DIENBIENPHU
Perhaps without even realizing it.

HISTORICAL NOTES

The War That Might Not Have Been

Outmanned 3 to 1 and heavily outgunned, the 13,000-man French force trapped in the small North Vietnamese valley of Dienbienphu was slowly being decimated by the Viet Minh. The Communists, entrenched in the surrounding hills, kept up such a deadly hail of flak that resupply flights to the defenders were down to a dribble. In those bleak days of April 1954, only one thing could have saved the besieged garrison: American help. That help was denied—and, according to French-born historian Bernard B. Fall, it was largely because of objections by then Senate Minority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson. Had the decision gone the other way, Fall argues in a new book on Dienbienphu, *Hell in a Very Small Place*, the battle would have been won, and the current war might never have taken place.

A professor of international relations at Howard University who has known Viet Nam since 1953, Fall says—correctly—that a U.S. bombing raid to destroy Viet Minh antiaircraft batteries ringing Dienbienphu was strongly favored at the time by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Arthur W. Radford. In fact, U.S. military planners considered both conventional and nuclear bombing attacks and warned the Administration that, if the nation intervened, the Air Force would be free to use whatever weapons were needed: no decision on this was made. Fall writes that planning did go far enough ahead, however, for as many as 548 U.S. planes to be designated the attack force. The French code-named the proposed operation *Vulture*.

Crucial Decision. The scheme was effectively killed on April 3, 1954, when Dulles and Radford met with eight legislative leaders to plead for Congress' support. Johnson, who was among the legislators, reportedly asked how many allies had been invited to join with the

U.S. Because of the shortage of time, none had, and the lawmakers told Dulles that Congress would not support an attack without allied support.

Johnson's query about allies, concludes Fall, "seems to have been the key question and the key stumbling block." As it was, Communist gunners continued to blast French resupply planes, isolating the bloodied garrison. Within five weeks Dienbienphu fell, after 10,000 men had died for it—8,000 Viet Minh attackers and 2,000 French troops. Within a day of the garrison's fall, France sued for peace.

"Perhaps without realizing it," writes Fall, "Lyndon B. Johnson, on April 3, 1954, had made his first crucial decision on Viet Nam."

THE STATES

Where the Money Comes From

Arriving at their desks in Albany last week, New York state legislators were confronted with a blue-and-white 1,039-page volume that could best be described as imposing. It imposed on New York taxpayers a 1967 budget of nearly \$4.7 billion, biggest ever proposed for any state in the Union. The same tableau, with only slight variations, was repeated in statehouses across the country. For it January is the season of inauguration euphoria and soaring phrases, February is the time of budgetary reality and boring figures.

Despite the size of his ninth budget—\$644 million above last year's—New York's Nelson Rockefeller, with some astute fiscal maneuvering, was able to guarantee no new taxes. Some of his colleagues were not so lucky.

More in Michigan. Faced both with declining revenues as a result of the automobile sales slump and the need for increased state expenditures, George Romney asked the Michigan legislature for state income taxes on individuals (2½%), corporations (5½%), and banks and other financial institutions (8½%) to balance record expenditures of \$1.15 billion, up \$128 million from last year. If new taxes are not levied, he warned, the budget will drop \$147 million into the red.

Michigan lawmakers have twice turned down previous Romney requests for income taxes, and last week's message displayed a measure of political courage. For much of the Governor's allure as a Republican presidential prospect has come from his ability—holstered by booming auto sales—to bring Michigan back to full fiscal health. If the state should fall back into fiscal crisis, his national ambitions would also recede. Yet Romney not only refused to cut back what he regarded as essential spending programs, he also proposed increased outlays for education, social and medical welfare and conservation.

Thanks in part to anticipated revenues from a state lottery, approved by the voters last November, which Romney's fiscal advisers hope will bring in \$60 million a year.

Less in California. By contrast, Californians had sent Ronald Reagan to Sacramento with a mandate for retrenchment—and that was precisely what they got in Reagan's first budget message last week. Higher education was cut back 15%, capital expenditures 17%, state departments and agencies an average 10%. No new programs were proposed. Even after Reagan's slimming course, his budget still totaled \$4.62 billion, an increase over Democrat Pat Brown's requested budget a year ago, but still, according to Reagan, \$251 million less than the state will actually spend during the current fiscal year.

Brown's budget had been balanced by a one-shot windfall of millions, the result of a change in the state's accounting system. Reagan has no such next egg, and said he would need upwards of \$240 million in new taxes just to stay even. Last week he even accused Brown of having "looted and drained" the state treasury, leaving his successor with the onus of levying new taxes. Reagan later explained that he had not implied any malfeasance on Brown's part, confessing that he was "addicted" to using the "simplest words."

As a token of his resolve to cut spending, Reagan's office announced that the new administration would make do with the old regime's stationery, crossing out the names of Brown's officials and typing in those of their successors. And rather than ask the state to build a new split-level to replace the Governor's 90-year-old gingerbread mansion in Sacramento—his wife Nancy calls it "a fire trap"—Reagan said he would endorse the efforts of a citizens' group that is trying to raise money for a new official residence. "I'm not one," he said, "to look a gift house in the mouth."

Plenty from Washington. No matter what happens to their budgets in the state capitals, most Governors realize



CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR'S MANSION
Never look a gift house in the mouth.

that the direction of state government depends more and more upon decisions made in Washington. It was thus appropriate that even as Rockefeller's budget was being presented in Albany, the Republican Governor—who brought the term "creative federalism" into current usage—was testifying in Washington before a Senate subcommittee studying ways in which the federal system can, in fact, be made more creative. The atmosphere was low-key, but nearly everyone had a story or two pointing out the bugs in the present system of federal grants.

If a mayor wants federal help in building a town sewage-treatment plant, West Virginia's Governor Hulett Smith pointed out, he may pick from five federal agencies and from five different sets of standards. If he addresses his letter to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, he gets only 30% of the cost of the project. But if he mails it to the Department of Housing and Urban Development, he may hit something akin to the jackpot—a full 90%.

The Governors admitted, however, that the Federal Government in most cases steps in only because state gov-

ernments have neglected their responsibilities. "Frequently," observed Vermont's Philip Hoff, "the states which cry the loudest for tax sharing are those which have failed to come to grips with their own tax problems." Even while conceding past errors, the Governors agreed that the states are ready to play a stronger role in the federal system. Their prelude promised that in statehouses and on Capitol Hill, federal-state relations will be more closely scrutinized this year than they have been for a generation.

SPACE

Inquest on Apollo

The President, the Vice President, and America's First Lady were at the gravesides, and millions watched on television as the Apollo astronauts were laid to rest last week: Virgil Grissom and Roger Chaffee at Arlington, and Edward White at West Point. Of all those who paid tribute to the three who died earthbound on a launch pad at Cape Kennedy, no one put the meaning of their deaths into clearer perspec-

tive than the Rev. Conrad Winborn, pastor of Ed White's home church in Seabrook, Texas. "Let us not expect to sing the victor's song," said he, "unless we are willing to risk the harsh notes of tragic loss and personal sacrifice."

To most Americans, the muffled drums and the somber eulogies were the only form of tribute left to offer Grissom, White and Chaffee. But to the stunned technicians of the Apollo program, there could be no more fitting service to the astronauts—the quick and the dead—than an exhaustive inquest on the burned-out spacecraft. To that end, a board of inquiry, headed by Floyd L. Thompson, director of NASA's Langley Research Center near Hampton, Va., embarked on an excruciatingly intricate search to discover the cause of the fatal blast.

Macabre Harvest. Experts minutely dissected the charred cockpit, sorting out and studying countless blobs of melted wiring, poring over the soot-coated, grey-scorched dials, tubes and toggle switches of the instrument panel. The outer surface of the capsule was blistered and blackened in places, evi-

THE OXYGEN QUESTION

THE deaths of the astronauts brought to a head longstanding differences between advocates of pure-oxygen atmospheres for spacecraft and those who favor a two-gas system. The fire hazard inherent in a pure-oxygen system had discomforted space officials for years. In 1962, two crewmen in a space-cabin simulator at San Antonio were overcome by fumes from an instrument-panel fire but were rescued without serious injury. The same year, four men in an oxygen-filled test chamber in Philadelphia suffered second-degree burns when a short circuit in a lighting fixture caused a fire.

A 1964 NASA report on fire and blast hazards in spacecraft atmospheres noted that materials which were not highly combustible in a normal atmosphere erupted into flames during the Philadelphia blaze. Critics' suspicions seemed tragically justified last week when two airmen perished in a fire that flashed through the pure-oxygen atmosphere of a sealed test chamber at the U.S. Air Force School of Aerospace Medicine at San Antonio. The difficult decision now facing NASA is whether or not to continue to provide American astronauts with a pure-oxygen atmosphere.

The initial choice of oxygen was not made lightly. NASA scientists were aware that a two-gas system, one that would supply an earthlike atmosphere of roughly 20% oxygen and 80% nitrogen, would substantially reduce—but not eliminate entirely—the risk of catastrophic fires. It would also do away with some of the known, adverse physiological effects of exposure to pure oxygen: eye irritation, hearing loss, clogged chest, and possibly other painful symptoms not yet known to doctors.

On the other hand, an oxygen-nitrogen system has serious drawbacks for space flights. The additional storage tanks, valves, tubing and instruments necessary to blend and monitor a two-gas atmosphere would add an estimated 500 lbs. to a spacecraft the size of the Apollo.

Unlike a pure-oxygen system, which requires a cabin pressure of only 5 lbs. per sq. in., a two-gas system would have to approximate the sea-level pressure on earth—14.7 lbs. per sq. in.—to ensure that enough oxygen reached the astronauts' lungs. If a small meteorite should

puncture the skin of a ship containing a nitrogen and oxygen atmosphere and cause rapid decompression, the astronauts on board would develop a painful and perhaps fatal attack of the "bends"; nitrogen dissolved in their bodies would come out of solution, forming gas bubbles in tissues.

The Russians, with their huge booster rockets, have been less concerned about weight; they have employed a two-gas system from the beginning of their manned-space program. It has proved awkward in at least one of their space missions. Before Cosmonaut Aleksei Leonov could leave Vostok II for his space walk, he had to breathe pure oxygen (to rid his body of dissolved nitrogen and avoid the possibility of bends). He then entered an air lock, sealed his suit, gradually lowered its pressure to about 3 lbs. per sq. in. (so that it would be less inflated and more flexible) and only then was able to open the outer hatch and step into space, still breathing pure oxygen. By contrast, U.S. astronauts, always breathing oxygen at reduced pressures, can step directly out of their cabin into space.

Having considered all of these possibilities, NASA decided in the late 1950s that a space-mission failure was more likely to occur because of the added complexity and weight of a two-gas system than because of the fire hazard of a pure-oxygen system. Designers spared no efforts to fireproof the Mercury, Gemini and Apollo spacecraft. All electrical wiring was coated with non-combustible materials. Devices capable of sending out sparks were placed in sealed boxes. Space suits, seats, instruments and cabin walls were all designed to avoid the generation of static electricity.

For more than seven years, during 1,024 hours of successful space flight and thousands of ground tests in pure-oxygen atmospheres, NASA's reasoning seemed sound. There was no apparent need for conversion to a two-gas system—a conversion that would require the complete redesign of the spacecraft and could set the Apollo program back two years. But in 14 terrible seconds at Cape Kennedy, NASA's carefully considered decision has been thrown open to question.

dence that the blaze somehow erupted through the light skin of the airtight craft. The board ordered another, partially completed Apollo spacecraft flown to Cape Kennedy from North American Aviation's plant in Downey, Calif., so that investigators could compare its components with the blackened debris scattered about the ruined craft.

From the moment of the fire, officials clamped a hermetic lid on the investigation. The inevitable result was a macabre harvest of reportorial speculation about the astronauts' last seconds. Quoting an unidentified "official source," the New York Times said that the three had suffered horribly as the fire spread; that they shrieked repeatedly, pleading for help; that they died scurrying frantically at the sealed hatch cover of the capsule, leaving shreds of flesh on the metal; and that their bodies were incinerated until little more than bones remained.

Sudden Jump. At week's end National Aeronautics and Space Administration Deputy Administrator Robert D. Seamans Jr. told reporters that a second-by-second analysis of tape recordings made during the test indicated that at 6:31:03 p.m. Roger Chaffee first shouted a warning about the fire, that there were faint signs of movement, and that at 6:31:09 Ed White, too, reported the cockpit blaze. Other NASA control center instruments recorded the fact that the cabin pressure (held at a level of 16 lbs. per sq. in.) began to increase, and that three seconds after White's warning, Chaffee cried out again about the fire and there was more evidence of the men's moving about.

"Some listeners," said Seamans, "believe there was one sharp cry of pain." Then radio communications went dead, and at 6:31:17—just 14 seconds after the first alarm—the cockpit pressure soared to 29 lbs. per sq. in. and the capsule ruptured. The astronauts suffered relatively minor burns; all three men were buried wearing full-dress uniforms complete with tiers of chest medals. The official cause of death for all three was listed as asphyxiation from smoke inhalation.

Prime Point. As to speculation about the fire's cause, it was reported that four days before the test, there was an apparent short circuit in the ship's system. And moments before the fire burst out in the cockpit, the telemetry readings in Houston reportedly showed a sudden jump in battery temperatures. The obvious possibility was that the spacecraft's circuits may have been overloaded, triggering a spark somewhere and maybe even setting fire to the supposedly heat-resistant wire insulation. But Seamans said that "up to this time," it did not seem that the power source, "whether simulated internal or external, was related to the accident."

One prime point of suspicion for the origin of the flames was still the environmental control system (ECS), which furnishes a pure-oxygen atmos-



CAPSULE MOCKUP (SHOWING SEATS)



FIRE-RUINED SPACECRAFT INTERIOR

An agonizing inquiry, a more distant moon.

phere to the cabin interior and which has a potentially volatile coolant running through its pipes. Experts were arguing anew the pros and cons of a more stable, two-gas atmosphere in the capsules (see box).

The long-range effect of the Apollo tragedy on the moon-shot program is as uncertain as the precise outcome of the inquiry. If the experts find some basic design deficiency in the capsule, a year or more may pass before a shot is attempted. For the moment, that seemed unlikely. The most plausible theory is that a combination of improper procedures and some specific equipment malfunctions caused the fire. Whatever the outcome, an Apollo flight will almost certainly be delayed for six months. Meanwhile, as engineers probed the wreckage of Apollo 204, technicians on the sterilized assembly line at North American Aviation's Downey plant worked overtime to put the finishing touches on the spacecraft that will eventually become Apollo 205.

AMERICANS ABROAD

Kennedysmo on the Road

Midwinter is the cruelest time for restless Senators; the President has all the lines, while Congress listens and invisibly adjusts. For Robert Kennedy, this season has been especially bleak because of the unfavorable and boring publicity surrounding the Manchester book controversy. All in all, an excellent moment for a selective tour of Western European capitals—to pick up some information, be cooed at by statesmen, oohed at by everyman, and make a few headlines at home having nothing to do with that book. Which is exactly what happened.

Kennedy started out Jan. 25 ahead of 16 other members of Congress bound for a seminar on Anglo-American affairs at Ditchley Park in England. By

Originally, Brother Ted planned to go, but he became involved in delicate negotiations to free Constituent Vladimir Kazan-Kotarski from prison in Czechoslovakia (see: TIME WORLD).

the time he returned at the end of last week, he had touched down in London, Paris, Bonn and Rome; he had talked with prime ministers and foreign ministers, Charles de Gaulle and Pope Paul, students and showfolk and assorted beautiful people. With an eye to future change, he saw opposition leaders too. Bobby also wanted to meet Mai Van Bo, the North Vietnamese envoy in Paris, but U.S. embassy officials dissuaded him.

"Bless You." Unlike previous Kennedy trips outside the country, this one was conducted *sotto voce*—there were no formal public speeches—and minus retinue. He even left his wife Ethel home, traveled with just two U.S. newsmen and one unofficial aide, New York Attorney William vanden Heuvel. One left-at-home assistant was incredulous: "Who's paying the taxi drivers? Who's finding the cuff links?" Who, indeed? Kennedy arrived in Bonn with one cuff waving. These and other mishaps were minor, although he was obliged at the Oxford Union to detour via a ladies' lavatory to avoid some Viet Nam demonstrators. "God bless you," he told two startled girls.

But what did he say to Harold Wilson, Kurt Kiesinger, Willy Brandt, Aldo Moro and other officials? As Kennedy reported after two hours with Wilson, they had discussed problems "all over the world." The vagueness mattered little. The Kennedy name carries more magic than ever in Western Europe, and Bobby's political hosts scored more points with their constituents close at hand than New York's junior Senator did with his far away. He spent 70 minutes with De Gaulle, and even if he only said, "Bonjour, Monsieur le Président, il fait froid aujourd'hui," the fact of the meeting, as Marshall McLuhan might observe, was more significant than its content.

Lyndon Johnson has not seen the French President since John Kennedy's funeral. Robert Kennedy's visit, of course, had no visibly warming effect on Franco-American relations. Though France's main contribution to the war

so far has been to urge unilateral U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam, the New York Senator predicted: "France and General de Gaulle are going to play an important role in any successful effort we undertake to find a solution to the trouble in Viet Nam."

Young Lion, Kennedy made no effort to court crowd attention, and comforted himself as unobtrusively as a Kennedy can. Nonetheless, he was recognized and idolized in most places by press and public. After his brief and informal appearance before students at the Oxford Union, the Sunday Telegraph reckoned that he could have been elected president of the debating society on the spot. In Rome, where the family mystique is known as *Kennedyismo*, cab drivers cheered him and the *paparazzi* clicked their shutters as if Sophia were the target. In Paris he placed a bouquet on Marshal Alphonse Juin's coffin. France Soir captioned its picture: "The young lion of politics before the body of the old soldier." The newspaper also observed that the object of Kennedy's visit was "the White House—in 1972." That was all right with French voters. At a Picasso exhibit in the Grand Palais one young Frenchman said: "Picasso is completely outclassed. It is Bobby who is the hero of this exposition."

While Kennedy was abroad, a new poll by Lou Harris found Bobby trailing Johnson as the 1968 presidential favorite, 44% to 56%—a complete reversal of the same survey's finding in November. The later report was based on a Jan. 14-22 sampling, a period in which the Manchester controversy was hottest. The Gallup poll taken two weeks earlier found Kennedy still ahead by nine points. That Kennedy's standing has sagged is evident, although the damage can undoubtedly be repaired long before the Senator has to test himself again at the polls. Meanwhile, trips like

the European jaunt could only help the cause of *Kennedyismo* and give Bobby added credentials the next time he chooses to speak out on foreign policy—which will be soon.

THE ENVIRONMENT

Who Is to Police Pollution?

There is no longer any argument in the U.S. that air pollution corrodes health and property alike. But the issue is now cloaked in political smog. Who should have the clear, primary responsibility for cleansing the atmosphere?

Last week President Johnson conceded that efforts by all levels of government have so far failed even to check the problem, let alone reduce it (TIME cover, Jan. 27). Outlining an ambitious program that for the first time would give Washington the leading role in policing pollution, he also besought states, municipalities and industry to bring "a new sense of urgency to America's struggle against poisoned air."

The Administration's proposed air-quality act of 1967 would accelerate research and expand matching grants to states; federal spending would increase from \$35.5 million this year to \$84 million in the fiscal year beginning July 1. But Johnson sees federal regulation as the most effective immediate antidote for pollution. His bill would compel fuel producers to register all additives such as tetraethyllead—used to boost gasoline octane count—with the Department of Health, Education and Welfare so that their potentially noxious effects could be studied. HEW would be given authority to designate industries that contribute heavily to pollution, and in each case would determine the maximum tolerable level of deleterious materials that they could generate. The department would also designate "regional airsheds" throughout the country, wherever there was serious pollution whose fallout area superseded state and local jurisdictions. In each such region, a commission consisting of two representatives of each state involved and one from HEW would be responsible for enforcing broad national standards and more detailed local rules.

Conspicuous Failure. Powerful opposition to federal regulation has already begun to take shape. While conceding the need for better pollution control, spokesmen for the National Association of Manufacturers, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the American Petroleum Institute have all emphasized their preference for local standards and supervision.

Yet it is just such local efforts that have failed most conspicuously in the past. Half the states and many cities now have some kind of air-pollution legislation; about 15 more states are expected to act this year. Some of the states that have such statutes, however, have failed to adopt realistic regulations to implement them. In some cases, regulatory commissions are heavily weighted with representatives of industry. Four



"I DON'T SEE HOW THEIR ATMOSPHERE CAN SUSTAIN THEIR FORM OF LIFE... MUCH LESS OURS!"

of the nine members of the New Jersey commission, for instance, represent companies identified by the U.S. Public Health Service as significant contributors to pollution.

Breeding In. Because standards vary from state to state and city to city, a strong law in one area can be made a mockery by pollutants from a neighboring community. Chicago has been attempting to police pollution caused by steel plants, but 70% of the steel production in the Chicago area is outside city limits. Since 1963, the Federal Government has been offering \$3 for every local dollar spent on voluntary regional-control efforts. Yet, said Johnson last week: "There is not a single effective interstate program in the nation."

Every state and city, of course, must compete for industry. Because antipollution equipment and procedures are expensive, a stringent local program inevitably discourages new plants in the area. Other local interests can also come into play. When the Arizona legislature debated a smog-abatement bill last week, one member charged that it was discriminatory. "Under this bill," joked State Representative Lloyd House, a Democrat who is a Navajo Indian, "we would not be permitted to send up smoke signals." His real objection was that it violated tribal land rights. The bill passed anyway.

LABOR

Marriage on the Rocks

When George Meany's A.F.L. merged with Walter Reuther's C.I.O. back in 1955, the event was hailed as a happy-ever-after alliance. From the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s earliest days, the partners proved less than compatible. President Meany, now 72, a crusty, authoritarian craft unionist, was dogmatically anti-Communist in foreign affairs and



KENNEDY AT PARIS PICASSO EXHIBIT
The name's the name of the game.

staunchly standpat about civil rights at home. As top vice president, the idealistic, garrulous Reuther, 59, onetime boy wonder of the industrial unionists, tried to nudge the labor movement into the vanguard of social reform and international bridge building. Not only has Reuther failed to get his way, it is now also obvious that he has abandoned all hope of succeeding Meany at the helm.

Last week, after months of public sniping over the giant labor federation's course, the strained relationship approached the breaking point when Reuther, boss of the United Auto Workers, resigned from the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s policy-making executive council, along with three other U.A.W. officials. Reuther stays on as chief of the powerful industrial-union department—a coalition of old C.I.O.-type unions within the A.F.L.-C.I.O.—but nobody knows for how long. At its next convention, in April, Reuther's 1,500,000-member Auto Workers union, the federation's largest, will consider whether or not to pull out of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. altogether. With the Teamsters and United Mine Workers among unions already outside the fold, a U.A.W. secession, especially if other member unions follow suit, would shatter any illusion of domesticity in the house of labor, if not break up the marriage itself.

CRIME

Overkill in Boston

"You'll find a body on Boston Avenue," said the anonymous caller. Sure enough, police in Melford, Mass., discovered the corpse in the trunk of a gold-colored Mustang. The authorities were neither surprised nor especially agitated. For the state police, it was another entry on the lengthening chart of fratricide among racketeers in Greater Boston. Since Labor Day 1961, when a blood feud started between the McLaughlin brothers and Buddy McLean, 43 victims have accumulated. The original chiefs have long since been killed or incarcerated. Still the bodies fall, much the way the buddies of Jimmy C. and Eddie G. were dispatched in those splendid old movies.

The punk in the trunk was Andrew von Elter, 26, a small-time chiseler under indictment for fraud and suspected of being a loan shark. A onetime associate of the late Puncy McLaughlin, he died of a crushed skull and, for good measure, garroting. Whether they choose firearms, rope, blunt instruments, knives or a combination of weapons, the Boston badmen almost invariably indulge in overkill.

Though police trace the mayhem back to the McLaughlin-McLean contretemps—a falling-out romantically attributed to a slur on one mug's moll—they theorize that other motives have since arisen. Many of the victims made their living as loan sharks. This is big, if disorganized, business in Boston's lower crust. The "vigorish," or profit, is

estimated at \$1,000,000 a week. With that kind of take, the competition for trade is bound to be keen. As might be expected, the surplus of bodies has been accompanied by a dearth of witnesses and evidence. Just five of the 43 killings have been solved. Bay Staters who derive comfort from the gradual depopulation of the underworld may be deceiving themselves. On at least one occasion, an uninvolved citizen was shot dead for standing too close to the mark.

THE CONGRESS

Sing Loo, Sweet Senator

His face, a familiar Gothic landmark in the capital, now window-dresses record emporia throughout the country. His smasheroo album is in the front ranks of *Billboard's* "Top 100," sandwiched between the sound track from *The Wild Angels* and Simon and Gar-

fatigably reiterated his conviction that no one should be forced to join a union, and twice last year led successful filibusters to preserve state right-to-work laws. AFTRA's demands pose a delicate dilemma indeed.

Living Curl. Yet few would rule out a rapprochement. In the Senate, after all, Dirksen is the acknowledged master of compromise. And it would not be the first time that the Senator has withdrawn from show biz. He made his first farewell bow to the boards some 40 years ago in Pekin, Ill., after he had starred in and married the leading lady of a local theatrical. In Pekin, he also co-authored and directed a two-act comedy called *Chinese Love*, which tells of Sing Loo's pursuit of the blossom of his eye, Pan Toy. Sample dialogue: *Sing Loo:* Do you know what the lover expects from his love in that golden moment when they are betrothed? *Pan*

GEORGE W. SEARGE



DIRKSEN BY RUBE GOLDBERG



DIRKSEN & FUTURE WIFE IN CHINESE COSTUME (1924)
Somewhere between Angels and Parsley.

funkel's *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme*. He has made appearances on the *Johnny Carson Show* and *Hollywood Palace*, and his name will soon join Clem Kadiddlehopper's on the *Red Skelton Show*. At 71, Everett McKinley Dirksen, minority leader of the U.S. Senate, has made the scene.

Captain of His Soul. Dirksen's *Gallant Men: Stories of the American Adventure*, was recorded, appropriately, by Capitol. It has sold so well (around 410,000 copies) that he has declined a second disk, scheduled to appear about Easter time, with favorite readings from the Bible and a dramatic recital of W. E. Henley's *Invisible* ("I am the master of my fate I am the captain of my soul"). Disk and TV-wise, however, the late of the turned-on Senator rests with the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA), which has politely told him that since he is now a big-time performer—his take, an estimated 22¢ per album, equals Adam Clayton Powell's recording royalty—he must join up and pay \$500 in initiation fees and dues.

If Ex does not join, the union insists, he can forget about the third and fourth records he has tentatively planned and reserve his long-play rhetoric for *Meet the Press*. For Dirksen, who has inde-

Toy: I do not know. *Sing Loo:* Shall I show you? *Pan Toy:* Is it dangerous?

The only visible effect of Ex's newfound role as a pop recording star is that his hair, which was duplicated, ringlet by unruly ringlet, in a recent sculpture by Rube Goldberg, now cascades over his ears and down his neck with Joanie Phoenix abandon, and the great wave atop his head looks as if it had been locked in place with Living Curl. In a certain light, there even seems to be a new tint of gold among the silver threads—though only his hair-dresser knows for sure.

Where will the political recording business end? With Dirksen and Powell racing for their gold platters (1,000,000 albums sold), the political figures may well find the urge irresistible. J. Edgar Hoover, suggests Columnist Art Buchwald, might cut *Voices of Famous People I Have Hugged*—if he could get the tapes from Bobby Kennedy. Lurleen Wallace could do *Lurleen Plays Music to Segregate By*, with Husband George conducting the Alabama State Police Symphony Orchestra. And Ronald Reagan might try *Ronnie Reagan Sings at Berkeley*. At any rate, as Dirksen himself has noted, the path from show biz to politics is no longer a one-way street.

WHY SHOULD MAN GO TO THE MOON?

FOR President John F. Kennedy, the U.S. reach for the Moon was nothing less than "the most hazardous and dangerous and greatest adventure on which man has ever embarked." Last week, with the tragedy at Cape Kennedy's Pad 34, the nation realized for the first time, in astronautic and human terms, just how hazardous the lunar adventure can be. Old arguments that questioned the whole concept of the Apollo mission seemed to take on new pertinence. Critics were once again asking: Is it worth the cost—in lives, in resources, in money?

By any reckoning, the cost is already extremely high: since 1961, \$23 billion has been expended on the man-in-space project alone, which amounts to 65-70% of the entire U.S. space budget. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) presently involves 400,000 workers, including 60,000 scientists and engineers. From the Cape's launching pads to Australian tracking stations, \$3.6 billions worth of installations are spotted around the globe.

As missions grow more ambitious and more complex, the price tag will rise. And so, inevitably, will the cost in human life. Grissom, White and Chaffee will certainly not prove to be the last casualties. But the astronauts themselves have always been among the first to argue that though the risks are high, the value of space conquest is incalculably greater. The possibilities and rewards that wait for man on the infinite frontiers of space are limited only by the human imagination.

Still, the questions persist. There are those who deride the reach for the moon as a mere race with the Russians for national prestige. But the competition has shifted in emphasis in the 51 years since the Apollo program began. At the start, speed was all-important. The Russians were already boasting to warring nations that their space firsts demonstrated the superiority of the Communist way of life. And there was little doubt of the impact of their argument. Everywhere, everyone capable of understanding the significance of the Russian achievement recognized the impressive technological, industrial and scientific skills that lay behind it. Intuitively, people sensed the national purpose that produced the Russian program. Physicist Edward Teller used a sure, fund-winning tactic when he testified before a Senate committee in favor of the Apollo project. "What do you expect to find on the moon?" he was asked. His answer: "The Russians."

The catch-up effort soon became competition on more or less even terms. Diplomats from neutral nations claim that it will not matter much to them which country gets there first, since the other will probably be close behind. But of course it will matter—though not militarily. The moon, once thought of as invincible "high ground" from which to launch an attack on an earthly enemy, now seems beyond consideration as a rocket base. Any lunar-launched missile would take far longer (16 hours) to reach its target than its earth-based counterpart. It would be harder to guide, easier to detect, and simpler to destroy. Which is one big reason behind Russia's willingness to sign an outer-space treaty, renouncing territorial rights or bases on the moon.

Space & Slums

If no military issue is at stake, then why not cooperate with the Russians in space, avoiding expensive duplication of effort? Many Americans would probably favor this—in the highly unlikely event that the Russians ever agreed. But the duplication involved in competition is not all wasted. "In the past," says A. Edward Tyler, author of *The Space Around Us*, "war has been the great competition. It has made heroes out of individuals and even out of whole nations. Certainly the race for space is a better competition than war." In other words, the race may well become William James's "moral equivalent of war." Quite apart from such hopes, "the U.S. has no choice," says France's Fernand Vinsonneau, secretary

general of Eurospace, a group of companies joined to promote space research. "If you give up this race, you simply resign your place as the world's leading technologists."

There are men of good will who remain unconvinced. Moon money, they say, would be far better spent on earth—in the war against poverty, for example, or in much needed medical research. Dr. Warren Weaver, former president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, has calculated that the probable cost of the lunar project could provide, among other things, 10% annual salary raises for ten years to every teacher in the country, a \$10 million grant to each of 200 small U.S. colleges, the endowment of universities in more than 50 new nations. New York's Mayor John Lindsay pleaded for more money for U.S. cities by saying: "I would not want the U.S. to be described by future generations as a society that stood amidst the filth, the oppression and the violence of its slums and shot rockets to the moon." Even Vice President Humphrey, himself a strong promoter of the Apollo program, has worried lest "we go down in history as a people who could send a man to the moon and five Coke vending machines along with him, but could not put man on his feet right here on earth."

To Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., such arguments are anything but new. He can imagine similar criticism in Spain in the 1490s: "Why in hell are Ferdinand and Isabella giving all that money to that madman Columbus when they could build a good nursery or a hostel or something?" The present answer to that question is a matter of hard political reality—which is another way of saying, national will. Space has seized the nation's imagination; other causes so far, have not. Dollars not saved in space would not automatically be allocated to poverty, or cities, or air-pollution control.

Poverty & Jealousies

Besides, every dollar spent on the lunar program is spent on earth, not on the moon. The money goes into buildings, employee payrolls, training programs. It has become a vital part of the national economy. No project in years has contributed so heavily to so many areas of the country. By its very expenditures, the space effort has effectively helped to reduce poverty.

Faced with the suggestion that their work is far too costly, spacemen are quick to point out that in any event, lunar funds are only a small portion of the national budget; they are not taken out of money meant for medical research or antipoverty drives. The truth is that, for all the intricate problems that must be met before man gets to the moon, planning the trip is far easier than organizing to fight poverty. For space, scientists can draw up a logical program; they have clear goals, few variants. It is lack of technique, not lack of money, that is stalling the Great Society.

And if the space program has contributed mightily to the U.S. economy, it has done even more for U.S. technology. Abruptly and dramatically, it galvanized U.S. science and engineering in a mobilization of manpower and brains unparalleled even by the Manhattan Project of World War II. The U.S. space effort is the pacesetter of our total technological advance. As such it is worth the \$7 billion it will cost this year. Says Senator Mike Monroney: "Starving technology mortgages the future of our society. Twenty years ago, Britain picked immediate social goals over technological progress. Today it is paying the price, lacking the production base to support either social or technical progress."

Within the scientific community itself, few dispute the imperative to explore space. But there are some scientists who are frankly jealous of the money that space commands. Nuclear Physicist Ralph Lapp contrasts the \$1.3 billion NASA has spent on lunar and planetary science with the modest \$76 million the National Science Foundation has to distribute

among 5,000 scientists in such fields as astronomy, earth science, oceanography and physics. He quotes one geophysicist: "Sheer lunacy! We are spending more on Mars than we are on studying the earth." Columbia's Professor I. I. Rabi, a Nobel prizewinning physicist who is in favor of the moon program, points out that Congress recently made a sharp cut in appropriations for a new nuclear accelerator and for the cosmotron at Brookhaven. But it refused to slice into space allocations. "Disgraceful," says Rabi.

Curious Circumstance

What bothers most such critics is the cost of making space ships and space travel suitable for man. Unmanned probes, so the argument runs, would learn far more at much lower expense. Says Caltech's Astrophysicist Jesse Greenstein: "The manned-space program is mainly engineering, concerned with keeping people alive in curious circumstances. This does not advance science very much." Men who feel the same way have insisted for years that manned-space probes cost literally 100 times as much as unmanned, and are not worth it. Says Britain's eminent Astronomer Fred Hoyle: "What has been accomplished is not worth a thousandth part of what has been spent."

But the spacemen themselves file a strong demurrer. To them, the commitment of man to the moon is essential. Says Chris Kraft, director of NASA Flight Operations: "After the canned man and the monkey flights, we found that by adding a man, you've added a tremendous tool. We now have man in the loop—and that's made the difference." Without a man on board a spacecraft, there is no judgment aloft, no freedom of choice, no chance to take advantage of unforeseen opportunities, less chance than ever of getting past unforeseen trouble. Ranger's pictures of the moon, spectacular though they were, contain only 500,000 "bits" of information; the human eye with one glance takes in 100 million "bits." In short, however intricately engineered, no instrument, no computer can quite replace man. As one scientist observed, "You can study a girl's measurements, but it will never be a substitute for putting your arm around her."

Getting man into orbit has already repaid the effort many times. The monitoring devices needed to keep track of astronauts' physical condition have now been adapted for U.S. hospitals, enabling a single nurse to keep track of the condition of many patients perhaps half a mile of corridors away. Today, as a result of space advances, cardiac patients may wear internally implanted electronic pacemakers. Doctors are talking confidently of birth control without pills or intra-uterine devices as they experiment with a space-perfected system for monitoring bodily temperature. Refined by aerospace engineers, lasers are finding more and more uses in surgery. Indeed, a whole new breed of medical man has emerged—the biomedical engineer, whose bag contains neither pills nor stethoscope, but electronic black boxes. With his help, aerospace contractors are turning out a remarkable array of prosthetic devices and diagnostic equipment.

And medicine is only the beginning. Heat-resistant shields, developed to protect spacecraft plunging back into the earth's atmosphere, have led to the production of Pyroceram dishes that can go from the housewife's freezer to oven without cracking. The increasing complexity of astronautics has fostered the development of swifter and smaller computers that find no end of applications on earth. The fuel cell used to supply electric power for Gemini spacecraft is being developed for commercial use, and its production of electricity from oxygen and hydrogen without burning hydrocarbons may be one answer to the smog problem that is increasing all over the world. Some scientists are already speculating about giant orbiting mirrors to light up a battlefield in Viet Nam or melt icebergs, free ice-locked harbors and shift storms from their natural courses. Weather control, to hear them tell it, is almost at hand.

Today it costs about \$1,000 a pound to send a payload into space; in ten years, the price is expected to drop to \$1 a pound. And when that time comes, engineers should be ready with preprogrammed manufacturing processes that will require the vacuum and weightlessness of space. Joining

some of the newer, tougher metals, for example, is a devilishly difficult problem on earth. In orbit, outside any artificial atmosphere, some of them need only be touched together to make a perfect weld.

Even more important than such engineering fallout are some of the almost certain scientific gains. One astronomer with a telescope on the moon, free from the wavering earthly haze, should be able to learn more about the universe in one year than his colleagues have learned in all the previous history of astronomy. Close-up lunar examination should help to answer basic questions about the origins of galaxies and the possibility of life elsewhere in the solar system.

By the enormous effort of mobilizing for an immensely complicated task in a relatively short period, the moon program has also pointed the way to valuable improvements in the new "multidisciplinary approach" to problem solving. Biologists learn to work with physicists, chemists with mathematicians, astronomers with geologists. The approach is now being applied to many of the longstanding problems of society: the population explosion, crime, transportation, nutrition and health, communications.

Studying the problem of maintaining an astronaut in space has forced earthbound scientists to realize that the earth too is a closed system; the pollution of its air and its streams is the same problem that the astronaut's closed capsule presents in miniature.

Out of the Valley

In sum, there should be little serious doubt that the space effort has proved its worth many times over. Three months from now, the American Astronautical Society will meet in Dallas to discuss the commercial utilization of space, from television, navigation aids and weather satellites to tourism. Tourism? Well, Barron Hilton, president of the Hilton Hotels Corp., will speak on the "Hilton Orbiter Hotel."

That may be a joke for some decades to come, but other projects are not. Next fall, a special U.N. space meeting will be held in Vienna to discuss the advantages to be derived from the U.S.'s and Russia's orbiting weather and communications satellites, and to consider the greater participation of other nations in space. To utilize the "after-Apollo" capability of the Saturn rockets, IBM has already proposed a series of manned orbiting labs, each of which would be manned by rotating crews of up to a dozen men. These could observe weather, chart mineral deposits, track fish and ocean currents. Their work, IBM calculates, would save about \$100 billion annually.

The moon itself may not be a particularly valuable piece of real estate. But neither is a flight to the moon an end in itself; the moon is no more than a way station on a route that scientists have only begun to map. And there is no doubt that man is going to make the trip some day. Many moon enthusiasts argue that for the U.S. not to reach for the moon would leave all Americans like a tribe that always stays in its valley and never crosses the mountain.

Says Princeton's Professor John Wheeler: "Space is the modern equivalent of the American frontier. If we didn't go to the moon, we would be lesser people. I have a feeling that instead of doing more on domestic programs, we would do less." Even Dr. James Killian Jr., now Chairman of the Corporation, M.I.T., who publicly questioned the commitment of so much manpower to the moon project three years ago, today concedes: "Space exploration is one of man's great adventures, and the U.S. must participate with brilliance and holdness."

The moon is a challenge that the U.S. has already taken, a milestone that U.S. astronauts are already looking beyond. For the Apollo program is only a small part of the space effort. The real object is for the U.S. to develop the capability of voyaging confidently to the limits of man's imagination and ingenuity. The value of such voyages will always be unpredictable. But the history of the human race, said famed Norwegian Explorer Fridtjof Nansen, "is a continual struggle from darkness toward light. It is therefore to no purpose to discuss the uses of knowledge; man wants to know, and when he ceases to do so, he is no longer man."

THE WORLD

JAPAN

The Right Eye of Daruma

(See Cover)

When a Japanese prepares to make a wish, he is apt to buy a one-eyed doll modeled after the famed Buddhist monk Daruma, who founded the Zen sect 1,500 years ago. Then, if his wish is fulfilled, he completes the Daruma's missing eye as a symbol of gratitude for otherworldly intervention. Last week, in the Tokyo headquarters of Japan's ruling Liberal Democratic Party, Premier Eisaku Sato dipped a *sumi* brush into an inkstone and with swift strokes daubed in the dark right eye of his Daruma. "The eyes," he re-

YOSHIO UCHIDA



SATO ON THE FAIRWAY

lied. As a result of last week's elections, Japan can now count on many more years of the sort of relatively reasoned and reasonable rule that has made it an island of prosperity, democracy and stability in a widely chaotic Asia.

Calm Contrast. The conservative victory was in part due to the threat of that chaos, as exemplified by the demonic doings of Red China's Mao Tse-tung and his rampaging Red Guards. Japan had been moving closer to China during recent years, but most Japanese were appalled and repelled by the events of the past several months. It was in this mood that they voted, and their votes were as much against the pro-Peking direction of the Japanese

Japan in the last year has taken over from China as the dominant shaping force of Asia, last week assessed Japan's new role in his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee: "Not so much because it is a Pacific land, but because it is a thoroughly modernized country, Japan is as much a natural partner and ally of the U.S. as any country in Europe."

Growing Investment. As the world's fifth-ranking industrial power (behind the U.S., Russia, West Germany and Britain), Japan is far and away the richest nation in Asia. Its 1966 gross national product of \$100 billion represented a steady 10% annual growth that has varied little since 1950. Japanese

KYODO NEWS



AT HOME FOR TEA

Moving quietly ahead with a low posture and a soft cushion.

marked when he had finished, "are as big as my own."

And well they might be, Sato's conservative Liberal Democratic Party had entered Japan's tenth postwar election with the expectation of a setback. The government was wreathed in a "black mist" of Cabinet-level corruption charges, harassed by catapulting consumer prices and a hostile press. Besides, there was worry about the reaction of a nervously pacifist nation to Sato's support of the U.S. stand in Viet Nam. In view of all this, many conservatives feared losses of as many as 40 seats in the 486-man Lower House. But when the votes were in, Liberal Democrats commanded 285 seats—seven more than they had held last December when Sato dissolved the Diet. Japan's second-ranking Socialists barely held their own level from the last House (141 seats). The burgeoning, Buddhist-backed Komeito Party—the "clean government" arm of the militant Soka Gakkai sect—captured 25 seats, emerging as a new force in Japanese politics, one with which the Liberal Democrats might ultimately become al-

lied. As they were for the conservatism of Sato. Japan feels that it is staring over the brink of madness, and it does not like what it sees.

The vote underscored the importance of a stable Japan in the future of Asia, and pointed a path of sanity and soundness that runs in calm contrast to the instability that has characterized the 18 years of Communist China's post-revolutionary history. After all, it is a scant quarter-century since Japan itself went wild and sent its aggression spilling across the Pacific from Singapore to Pearl Harbor. That adventure cost Japan 1½ million lives and taught a proud nation the humbling lesson of pragmatism.

Pragmatism came easily at war's end. Adaptability has always been a Japanese virtue, just as violence is a Japanese vice. Over its history, Japan has absorbed religions and ideologies, art forms and technologies more readily than any other nation in the world; yet it has at the same time retained a tough inner core of national identity. Former U.S. Ambassador to Japan Edwin O. Reischauer, who believes that

businessmen have worn their own commercial path throughout Southeast Asia, Hong Kong at sundown becomes a Japanese city, its harbor dappled with the neon reflections of pink, blue, red and green signs that announce Sony and Dai-ni, Minolta and Canon. In Dacca, the grey-white slabs of Japanese-financed hotels and office buildings thrust with ultramodern exuberance from the seabed red roofs of Dutch colonial slums. Since the signing of the Korean-Japanese Normalization Treaty in 1965, the Japanese presence in South Korea has redoubled: Japanese tourists swarm through Seoul, businessmen enjoy the gaudy delights of the Walker Hill sex complex, and Japanese Corona taxis—now assembled in Korea—throng the streets. In Taipei's elegant hostels, pin-striped Japanese papas queue up for kimono-clad ladies queue up for bus tours to the Japanese-style inns that dot Taiwan's craggy green coast.

The Japanese government has nevertheless been unwilling to allow the full impact of its national prosperity to permeate the rest of Asia. Fearful of evoking the specter of Japan's war-

T. TAKUMA



WITH THE DARUMA DOLL

time "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere," conservative Premiers have shielded away from government involvement in the aid and development of the region. But over the past year, Premier Sato has moved quietly and in typical "low posture" to take Japan into a more active Asian role.

"We are trying to develop a soft cushion of economic development around China," says one Japanese Foreign Office expert. This "encirclement by prosperity" resulted last April in the largest all-Asian conference that Tokyo had witnessed since General Hideki Tojo's original Co-Prosperity Sphere conclave in 1943. Six Asian nations attended—Singapore, Malaysia, the Philippines, Thailand, Laos and South Viet Nam, while Cambodia and Indonesia sent observers. The consequent exchange of information about economic aid needs and Sato's reminder that Southeast Asia receives only \$2.50 per capita in foreign aid from all sources (v. \$5 for Africa and \$6 for Latin America) led the Singapore Straits Times to suggest that "a miniature Asian Marshall Plan" might emerge from the conference. Japan could conceivably be the sponsor.

One of Sato's most farsighted moves has been to join Asian regional groupings (TIM, Essay, Feb. 3), which do not commit Japan to an aggressive foreign policy but will probably involve the country with its Asian neighbors. One organization in which Japan already has a stake is the Manila-based Asian Development Bank, whose first president is a former government finance adviser, Takeshi Watanabe, 60. With its \$200 million funding toward the 32-nation bank's \$1 billion capitalization, Japan matched the U.S. contribution. Said Sato: "A cornerstone is now being laid by all of us to establish a new era in Asia."

Japan's new Overseas Youth Volunteers are Asia's first Peace Corpsmen, and though they so far number fewer than 100, they represent another indicator of Sato's outward thrust. Stationed from Southeast Asia to East Africa, they are skilled in auto repair and agriculture, nursing and nutrition, use their spare time to teach such Japanese native skills as origami and karate. Despite their Asian eyes and skin color, the Japanese Peace Corpsmen find it as challenging to relate to underdeveloped Asia as do their round-eyed American counterparts. For all their own appetite for *washimi* (raw fish) and sea urchin's eggs, they have difficulty stomaching such delicacies as Philippine *balut*, an embryonic duck egg.

Thawing the Permafrost. In his efforts to free Japan of the legacy of inaction caused by World War II's defeat, Sato has reoriented the nation's relations with both of Asia's Caucasian powers: Russia and the U.S. The Soviets still hold substantial territory in the formerly Japanese Kurils and the island of Sakhalin. Yet the two countries last year agreed to establish consulates and joint-

ly develop (at a cost of \$150 million) the natural gas reserves of Sakhalin. To thaw the permafrost in relations dating back to the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-06, Tokyo and Moscow are planning an exchange of airline flights over Siberia and a possible joint effort in Siberian economic development. Still, the frost is deep, and "technical details" crop up continually.

The chief policy problem plaguing Tokyo and Washington is the Japanese public's attitude toward Viet Nam. Sato privately approves the U.S. involvement, and indeed was on the verge of sending a token number of troops to aid Saigon before the U.S. buildup and the bombing of the North began. Now, he has had to be careful. Since World War II, the Japanese have become pacifistic to the point of violence, as they showed in the 1960 riots that canceled Dwight Eisenhower's visit. The Mutual Security Treaty between the U.S. and Japan comes up for renewal in 1970, and although Sato does not anticipate a repetition of 1960's uproar, he cannot afford to give ammunition to the Japanese left by committing his nation to open support of the U.S., let alone a combat role in what most Japanese consider should be an internal Vietnamese war.

Veiled Apprehensions. If 1970 is a year that Sato views with veiled apprehensions, 1968 is one that he awaits with eagerness. Next year will mark the centennial of the Meiji Restoration, the year that Japan broke out of its feudal, introspective cocoon and entered the real world. Since that time, the four islands of Nippon have moved from an era of swordplay and armor to one of supertankers and transistors.

Along the craggy coastline of Honshu stretches the "Tokaido corridor," pegged at one end by Tokyo and at the other by Kobe. Within its compass lie Japan's six largest cities and an urban-industrial complex that produces 67% of its manufactured goods—along with most of the problems of identity and adaptation found in today's Japanese society. Under the chill gaze of sacred Mount Fuji, a man-made morass of concrete, steel and glass belches smoke and grime in a manner quite contradictory to the verses of the 8th century poet Akahito Yamabe, who wrote:

*So lofty and awful is the peak of Fuji
That the clouds of heaven dare not cross it.*

Apart from the clouds of industry, Fuji today is challenged by both the contrails of Japan Air Lines' 22 jets and the blue exhaust of Honda's Formula 1 Grand Prix cars, which snarl in blurring white circles on a race track at Fuji's base.

Nearly half of Japan's 98 million citizens live within the Tokaido corridor. Yet there are patches of refreshing relief from the pressures of mankind: groves of gracefully pivoetting pines, solemn stands of cedar, miniaturized terraces redolent of tangerines and tea.



JAPANESE "PEACE CORPSMEN" IN INDIA
Concern with the great incompatibles.

A bone-rattling bus ride from Nagoya can put a harried city dweller aboard a boat on the Gifu River, where—with a giant bottle of sake and the boon companionship of a river geisha—he can watch the cormorant fisherman sweep downstream.

Pushers & Smoke. The Tokaido, studded with quaint inns and hubristic history, can now be traversed in three hours flat by means of the *Hikari*, a sleek supertrain whose name, if not quite its speed (125 m.p.h.), means



TOKYO'S NATIONAL THEATER
In every way, the capital and captivator.



"light" in Japanese. The city dweller of the Tokaido is confronted with problems endemic to urban life everywhere. His highways thunder to the rush of 15 million speeding trucks, cars and motorcycles. Commuter trains on Japan's excellent railway system must hire "pushers" to jam the passengers into the steamy cars. A lack of sewerage results in the use of "vacuum trucks," the odoriferous tank cars that daily pump out the cesspools of the cities. And while the Japanese are better off economically than all other Asians, worldwide they still rank only 21st (after the Italians) when it comes to per capita income: \$740 a year. The average Japanese family of 4.05 persons lives in only 2.94 rooms, and only one Japanese in 46 has an auto.

The cities in which they live along the Tokaido have characters all their own. Yokohama is an industrial jungle

that spills multicolored smoke from its mill plants, obscuring the intestinal tangle of pipelines and giant tanks constituting the Mitsubishi petrochemical works. From Nagoya, with its aircraft plants, its brooding feudal castle and gold-scaled carp, one can view gleaming reaches of the sea dotted with high-powered tankers and freighters—a reminder that Japan is the world's leading shipbuilder. Near Toyota City, home of Japan's biggest automobile manufacturer, graze herds of hand-massaged, beer-fed beef cattle, source of the best steaks in Asia. Kyoto, the cultural capital of Japan, was once a quiet, quaint haven of shrines and gardens, temples and teahouses; today it is fighting off the threat of factory-produced textiles that compete with its exquisite, hand-woven silks.

The city that in every sense serves Japan as a capital and captivator is,

of course, Tokyo, the world's largest metropolis (pop. 11 million) and the one place where every success-minded Japanese must live if he hopes to make it. With its "warehouse-modern" high-rise buildings and its nightmare traffic, it appears at first glance an unsightly sprawl. Yet it is also a continuous wonder, with its department stores that have fish ponds on their roofs, its five symphony orchestras, its three new playhouses, including a striking new 1,750-seat National Theater. The Ginza, a cliché as much as a street, remains a nocturnal delight for its gauzy girls as well as for its combination of New York nerve and Zen delicacy.

Benefits of Affluence. The average Japanese is challenged and excited by the clash of tradition and innovation. He sees no absurdity in sitting on a tatami mat in loose-flowing kimono to eat a breakfast of cornflakes and coffee; Premier Sato himself practices the tea ceremony on Sundays, then goes out for an afternoon of golf. Japanese husbands still keep their wives in virtual seclusion and entertain their friends and business acquaintances in the most garish of geisha houses, but the tune in both milieus is likely to be a Western rock 'n' roll number.

The Japanese also rocks like his Western peers, to angst and overcrowding. The Japanese suicide rate is the highest in Asia (16.1 per 100,000), and hypochondria is a national disease: Japanese gulp patent medicines and pep pills at a rate that would shock the most bilious of Americans; Tokyo's "sex drugstores" offer cheap cure-alls for every imagined sexual flaw.

These conflicts are expressed less articulately by Japan's cameras, transistors and supertankers than by its arts. Japanese writers, in particular, have turned inward upon the soul of a nation in which modern technology and traditional culture uneasily cohabit. This confrontation is symbolized in the work of many of Japan's contemporary novelists, but it shows up in a lyrically macabre vein in the works of Yasunari Kawabata. 67, a classmate of Premier Sato's (Tokyo University, '24), his *Sleeping Beauties*, for example, is the story of an impotent old man who sleeps with drugged virgins, watching but never touching. The novel's explicit anatomical detail expresses Japan's tension between action and imagination, and opts for uncommitment out of fear that involvement leads only to tragedy.

In contrast to Kawabata is the work of Novelist Yukio Mishima, 42, who is also a pop singer, moviemaker and swordsman in the traditional kendo vein. Mishima believes in "martial power" and expresses Japan's violent streak. Other writers, like Kobo Abe, 42, author of *Woman in the Dunes*, and Kenzaburo Oe, 32, whose novel, *A Private Matter*, will be published in the U.S. soon, espouse Mailer-esque sentiment and pacifism, reflecting the fear of modern life felt by many uprooted Japanese.

Cinema is Japan's most active art form. Last year its studios produced 442 feature-length films, a world-record output, that ranged from the existential etchings of Akira Kurosawa, 56 (*Rashomon*, *Ikiru*), to the prurient "erotications" and monster fantasies that thrill both Japanese and American drive-in audiences. Director Kon Ichikawa (*Fires on the Plain*) is currently at work on a joint Japanese-Italian production titled *Toppo Gigo's Pushbutton War*, in which a mouse ends the threat of thermonuclear conflict. Top box office in Japan of late has been a cycle of films (15 in all) about a blind 19th century swordsman named Zato Ichi, who wanders picaresquely about, cheating at cards, killing samurai and seducing girls—an expression of Japan's concern with intuitive skill and blind luck.

Identity & Anonymity. In the plastic media, Japan has only a few artists who adhere to the ancient skills. Most Japanese painters, printmakers and sculptors today are slavishly imitative of the West. One exception: Sculptor Masayuki Nagare, 43, who served a prewar apprenticeship to a Kyoto swordsmith before becoming a frustrated kamikaze pilot in World War II. He acquired his feel for stone toward war's end when, standing on the runway awaiting a call to suicide that never came, he hefted smoothly polished rocks and felt "oddly composed." Nagare's masterpiece, now at Manhattanville College, is a 600-ton, 2,300-piece wall called *Stone Crazy*.

With Japan spending \$18.3 billion a year on new construction, it is little wonder that Japanese architects have emerged as Asia's foremost designers. The mind behind Tokyo's soaring, \$8,300,000 Olympic Gymnasium is Kenzo Tange, 55, a slim, courtly Osaka man who reflects Asia's concern with "the great incompatibles: the human scale and the superhuman, identity and anonymity." In such works as the Hiroshima Peace Museum and the cross-shaped Cathedral of St. Mary in Tokyo, Tange broke boldly from Japanese tradition. Using pilots and steel, he generated a sense of holdiness rather than the customary low-to-the-ground humility based on Japanese wooden construction. In a land with virtually no urban planning, Tange has mapped a \$50 billion renovation of Tokyo. He warns that unless planning is undertaken now, the megalopolis of Tokaido, which by century's end will contain 80% of the Japanese population, can become an Asian version of Bostwick's hell.

Mister Consensus. The man whose task it is to prevent that and other calamities from overtaking a rapidly growing Japan is Premier Eisaku Sato, 65. Reserved and calculating, Sato keeps his own counsel in a manner that would appeal to Lyndon Johnson. Yet when it comes to political combat, his timing is as sharp as that of a karate black-

belter. All of his toughness and calculation are aimed at consensus, an achievement of the most vital necessity in a nation whose political parties are fulminantly factional and whose societal fabric is stitched together from feudal loyalties. As "Mr. Consensus," Sato has had plenty of training.

The son of a samurai-turned-sake-brewer, Sato was born in the somnolent town of Tabuse, on Honshu's far eastern coast, just 100 miles from the Straits of Tsushima, where in Sato's fifth year Admiral Heihachiro Togo destroyed the Russian fleet. That was the year of Japan's greatest military success, but little of it rubbed off on Eisaku. Sato's older brother, Nobusuke Kishi, was the star of the family, graduated second in his class at Tokyo University law school (Sato was much lower). In 1941, Kishi became one of the youngest Cabinet ministers in Japanese history when, at 45, he became Hideki Tojo's Minister of Commerce and Industry.

Sato, in the meantime, spent 13 years in Kyushu, Japan's remote and rural southern island, working as a railways bureaucrat. There he learned the trick of office consensus, if only to keep the trains moving. Twice he was sent to China as a railways adviser during the Japanese war there, and during World War II served as director of a motor pool. He also contracted a serious case of typhus, and while recuperating read an article on the passivity of the Asian masses by U.S. Author Pearl Buck that changed his way of thinking. "Reviewing the past of Japan," he says, "I felt there had been something essentially wrong about our approach to government. It was vitally important for me to know just what the masses aspire to and think: very important to live among the masses and seek a new way for Japan."

His chance to act on that belief came in 1947, when Sato was tapped for the Cabinet and supervised Japan's rise from the ashes of American bombing. Then, in 1953, he was accused of accepting a \$55,000 bribe from shipowners, and in the uproar that followed, he resigned. Sato maintains to this day that the money was a political contribution and that he merely failed to register it according to the law. He returned to power after his former classmate Hayato Ikeda took over the Liberal Democratic leadership in 1960. Sato became Minister of Olympic Construction, and for his excellent performance won respect and a new shot at power. After Ikeda fell ill with a terminal cancer in November 1964, Sato's long wait was over; he succeeded to both the party presidency and the premiership.

With his skill in the art of ambivalence and his constant concern with consensus, Sato is an irritating leader to the more Westernized of Japan's

Who carried on the family tradition of adopting his wife's name in order to provide her family with a male heir.



NOVELIST MISHIMA



NOVELIST KAWABATA



SCULPTOR NAGARE



ARCHITECT TANGE



DIRECTOR KUROSAWA & CAST
Cornflakes in a kimono.

* Among them Printmaker Kōsishi Sato, who did this week's TIME cover.



SOKA GAKKAI'S IKEDA
Impetus to a full involvement.

interi (intellectuals). Today, at 65, he is a ponderous speaker but a man of steady weight in a nation ready to take off in many directions. He reads "middlebrow" samurai novels (the Japanese equivalent of westerns), and watches with benevolence the careers of his two sons, Ryutaro, 38, an oil-company executive, and Shinji, 34, who works for the Nippon Kokan steel company. To the looks of a Kabuki actor, Sato adds a very calculating eye for his own position and a buoyant sense of balance when it comes to his party.

A Party & a Half. The real challenge to Sato comes from his own party's endemic factionalism. The Liberal Democrats, themselves a postwar coalition of Japan's conservatives and liberals born in 1955, operate on a system called *oyabun-kobun* (leader-adherent) that closely resembles the ward-based political structure of American politics in the late 19th century. In his battle to retain the presidency of the party last December, Sato had to meld the miasmic wishes of a dozen cliques in order to stave off the challenge of former Foreign Minister Aichihiro Fujiyama. He won with a hefty 119-vote margin. The "black mist" corruption charges raised by the left—charges that, in typically Japanese style, were never substantiated (TIME, Nov. 4)—did little damage to the party's immediate aims.

Still, Japan's political system is far more complicated than the Liberal Democratic Party admits. It has been described by Western observers as "a party and a half" system, with the L.D.P. being the party and the opposition adding up to the half. Japan's Socialists, who control more than 12 million votes, are the nation's second biggest voting bloc, but Party Boss Kozo Sasaki, 65,

is a Peking-ling fanatic who is even farther to the left than Communist Party Leader Sanzo Nozaka, 74, who last year struck a course away from Peking and more toward Moscow. Toward the ever-growing center of Japanese politics stands the Social Democratic Party (with 30 seats in the Diet, third in the nation) and the newly arrived Komeito (25 seats).

As the political arm of the Buddhist-backed *Soka Gakkai* (Value-Creation Society), led by piously political Daisaku Ikeda, 38, Komeito attracts the new Japanese: city dwellers who have lost contact with the ward-oriented politics of their rural home towns. Komeito calls for a cleanup in the wheeling and dealing typical of Asian government. Since Japan is fated, for better or worse, to a continuing urban growth and a growing urban malaise, it is mass parties of the Komeito brand that will doubtless dictate Japan's political future.

Cold Alliance. In at least one respect, Sato should get help from the nation's intellectuals, who play an important political role. No longer as ritualistically left-wing as they once were, they influence foreign policy and stimulate public debate, generate national consensus or fragment it through articles in such publications as *Chuo Koron* (Central Forum), Japan's leading intellectual monthly. At the cutting edge of the intellectuals today is a group known as "the New Realists," men educated for the most part in Britain and the U.S., who bring a hard, analytical view of the world to Japan's foreign policy.

They recognize the diversity in the Communist world, contend that unfettered by ideology, Japan should be ready for all sorts of actions or options. In their demands for a more sophisticated foreign policy, they have given impetus to Premier Sato's idea of a Japan fully involved with the rest of Asia. Their leader is Tokyo University Professor Yonosuke Nagai, 42, who maintains that the Sino-Soviet split and the unspoken "cold alliance" between Russia and the U.S. have given Japan the chance to recover power. Thus, while Japan is undoubtedly a bulwark of democracy in Asia, the U.S. will have to learn not to lean too hard on it or to take Japan for granted. Eventually, Japan will be strong and confident enough to go her own way—and that way may not always be precisely the U.S.'s way.

For now, though, most Japanese—including many of its government leaders—are quite content to remain passive and to rely totally on trade with the West and the U.S. nuclear umbrella to prolong the 21-year postwar honeymoon of peace and prosperity. After all, Article 9 of the U.S.-imposed constitution forbids war for any purpose but "self-defense." Japan today spends less on defense (\$1.3 billion a year, or barely 1% of its gross national product) than any other major industrial nation. Indeed, the Japanese Self-Defense

Force is something of a joke in an Asia that teems with massive armies. It consists chiefly of 171,500 ground troops and a navy that weighs a scant 140,000 tons—just a bit more than the combined tonnage of the Imperial Navy's two biggest battleships. Its anti-aircraft missile force—four battalions strong—is trotted out now and then, but although it can make a corner of Tokyo look like Red Square, it is still not much to rave about.

Turning Point. Sato himself is in basic agreement with the New Realists, but because of his own concern with consensus, he may have a hard time meeting their demands. Japan's economy faces stringent problems of inflation (a 41% rise in prices since 1960), and any greater military spending could turn the Japanese boom into a pre-Sty-rofoam bust. What is more, the conservatives will have to adapt to the slow but consistent move of Japanese politics toward the mass, urban-based system espoused by the *Soka Gakkai* rather than the ward-style system of the past. "Japan is coming to a historic turning point," says Sato. "There has to be a new ideal born in order to restore the human quality now buried in a society of affluence."

The events of recent weeks have given Sato a lively launch pad from which to attain those goals. China's madness makes Japan's stability look more promising than ever. Having inherited the best of China's traditions—wisdom and confidence—Japan can remain ahead of its neighbor for the rest of the century, perhaps for even longer. In the process, it could teach China and other countries an essentially Asian lesson of adaptability and patience. Those are qualities that the entire continent, if not the world beyond, is in dire need of learning.



SELF-DEFENSE FORCES PARADING
In Tokyo, a little bit of Red Square.

Pontiacs also have a way of driving several years ahead of their time. Especially Pontiac Grand Prix.

Want to know why? Pontiacs have the top engineers in the business.

Besides advanced styling, hideaway headlights and disappearing windshield wipers (less subject to icing

and freezing), this sleek Grand Prix boasts 350 hp and the extra security of Pontiac's exclusive Wide-Track.

You can even order up to 376 hp, special road-hugging suspension and a four-speed stick shift.

Kind of makes you want to attach yourself to a Pontiac, doesn't it? Especially a Pontiac Grand Prix.

Pontiacs have a way of looking several years ahead of their time. Especially Pontiac Grand Prix.



Standard safety features include: folding front seat-back latches, safety door latches and hinges, and GM's new energy absorbing steering column.

Wide-Track Pontiac

Pontiac-Mulier Division

The genius of
Shakespeare

The youthful heart of
Hans Christian Andersen

The biting wit of
Mark Twain

The inexhaustible
imagination of
Charles Dickens

The stylistic precision of
Ernest Hemingway

The Super Writer:

We put one together to show
you how we made our Scotch.

We're always happy to turn a phrase for 100 Pipers. But the real message is in the bottle. Our famous combination of Scotland's prize whiskies speaks for itself, and those it talks to are spreading the word. A lot of people who used to order Scotch in spite of the taste are calling for 100 Pipers because of the taste.

We're not surprised. We worked for 20 years to achieve a clearly modern Scotch that flows out of a great old tradition. And it may well start a great new one. But we don't ask you to swallow our adjectives.

Just drink our Scotch.



100 PIPERS
Scotch by Seagram

EVERY DROP BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SELECTED AND IMPORTED BY THE SEAGRAM COMPANY, N.Y.
BOTTLED UNDER SPECIAL LICENSE

COMMUNISTS

A Sabbath of Witches, A Canceling of Christmas

"Never before in all the history of the Soviet state has such an unbridled anti-Soviet campaign been conducted in any country, even those most hostile to the Soviet Union." The malefactor thus condemned last week by Tass was Red China, whose sparks of civil chaos are falling more on its onetime Communist allies than on anyone else.

In Peking, Chinese mobs manhandled Red diplomats, damaged cars and battered at legation compounds in such a xenophobic frenzy that the Russian, Yugoslav, Hungarian, Czechoslovakian and Mongolian governments all filed stiff diplomatic protests with the Chinese foreign ministry. Not sparing the few non-Communists in Peking, Red Guards also forced a French diplomat to stand for seven hours in Peking's freezing cold. Abroad, Chinese students and technicians demonstrated against the Soviet Union in Cambodia, Tunisia, Britain, Yugoslavia, Iraq and North Viet Nam. Typical of the venom that now marks Sino-Soviet relations was the chant of Chinese students outside the Baghdad embassy of the Soviet Union: "Hang the bastard Brezhnev!"

On the Diplomatic Nose. The Russian embassy in Peking bore the brunt of the Chinese assaults. Since Chinese students and Russian police clashed two weeks ago in Red Square, the Russian embassy has been surrounded day and night by firebrand-tossing, loudspeaker-keening Chinese. It was, said Tass, like a nonstop "witches' sabbath" of "violent abuse and bloodthirsty calls for revenge on the Soviet people." Dancing around a bonfire, the demonstrators stuck effigies of Brezhnev and Kossygin to crosses and set them afire, railed at the Soviet embassy staff cowering inside as "filthy swine, hyenas, rascals and scoundrels." The nearly 100 Chinese employees of the embassy walked off the job and joined the demonstrators, demanding by name the execution of their former employers.

This time, the Russians did more than protest the Chinese outrages. They began an emergency airlift of all of their more than 200 embassy dependents from Peking, who started boarding planes amidst a howling mob of angry Chinese. The Russians also retaliated in Moscow, where the Chinese embassy had mounted inside its compound a glassed-in display of photographs of police and students scuffling in what the Chinese called "The Bloody Incident in Red Square." Burly Soviet plainclothesmen chopped down the display case with axes and saws. When the Chinese rushed out to defend their art work, the cops pushed in a few diplomatic noses as well.

Moscow also accused Peking of deliberately delaying Soviet technicians en route to Hanoi to help the North Vietnamese war effort. Finally, if reports from Eastern European diplomats were

to be believed, Russia began moving out of the line in Eastern Europe some 50,000 troops, transporting them by train across Poland to bolster Soviet defenses along the Chinese frontier.

Back to School. If true, it was as clear a warning as the Kremlin could deliver to Mao Tse-tung to keep his revolutionaries occupied with internal Chinese matters. Western observers believe that it is precisely because Mao is having trouble gaining the upper hand at home that he has so strongly rallied the Chinese against Russia—a trick as old as tyranny. Within China, though the swirl of disorder seemed to abate temporarily, opposing factions busily jockeyed about to win both minds and territory. Mao's increasing dependence on military force illustrated his conviction that "rifles make the regime." Army units in Canton warned that unless anti-Mao forces were defeated, "our state may change color."

sweetly: "In party and government organizations, enterprises and undertakings, the majority of ordinary cadres are good." It sounded for the moment as though Mao may wish to work out some form of compromise before China is completely destroyed. Perhaps it was his own temporary form of a New Year's truce.

RED CHINA

Public Fury No. 1

She bounced down the aisle of Peking's Great Hall of the People, dressed in a tailored People's Liberation Army uniform topped by a soldier's fur hat. She sat in the front row near Premier Chou En-lai and Foreign Minister Chen Yi, who did not seem to mind when the cameras left them to zero in on her. While an Albanian song and dance troupe went through its paces, she peered through her thick-lensed glasses,



RED GUARDS LAYING SIEGE TO SOVIET EMBASSY IN PEKING

A trick as old as tyranny.

Because he fears more disturbances—and because neither China's trains nor its depleted stock of foodstuffs could stand the strain—Mao canceled all Chinese celebrations of the Lunar New Year this week. It was the first such cancellation in 5,000 years of Chinese history, an act roughly equivalent to calling off Christmas in the U.S.

In a surprise move, Mao also ordered all Chinese youth back to school on Feb. 9, when the nation's schools will reopen for the first time since the students were turned loose to play Red Guards last summer. If China's youth do indeed give up guardsmanship, much of the nation's disorder will vanish overnight—but so would Mao's prime weapon until now in the power struggle. Equally curious, China's official news agencies, in a move that was new in the struggle, all last week urged tolerance for Mao's enemies. "To regard all persons in authority as untrustworthy is wrong," warned Red Flag, adding

smiled frozenly through buck teeth and applauded energetically. Thus last week, on film released by Peking and shown on Hong Kong TV, the world outside Red China got a rare glimpse of Chiang Ching, 52, the wife of Chairman Mao Tse-tung, Red China's First Lady, and the Cultural Revolution's public fury.

A Dragon Lady? The Red Chinese have lately been seeing and hearing a good deal of Chiang Ching (rhymes with young thing), who only recently emerged from years of obscurity to assume a central role in Mao's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. At first she simply denounced Mao's supposed enemies on the implicit authority carried by her closeness to him. But in the last month or two, the words have been backed by new power. She is now the deputy director of the Cultural Revolution's subcommittee and the sole adviser to the People's Liberation Army purge group. Today she seems to stand second, behind only Army Head Lin



MRS. MAO

Blue Apple turned time bomb.

Piao, in providing leadership and impetus for the Maoists.

As the late-blooming life of the party (or what is left of it loyal to Mao), Chiang Ching has been variously explained as the chief inventor of the Cultural Revolution, the guiding force behind Mao, a vindictive Dragon Lady out for personal revenge, and a frustrated starlet seeking the limelight. Though she and Mao are rarely seen together, they dwell in apparent harmony in a villa on a spoon-shaped peninsula in Peking's South Lake.

Off to Moscow. Born of working-class parents in Shantung province, Chiang Ching (meaning Green River) migrated to Shanghai, China's sin city of the '30s, where she became an actress under the stage name of Blue Apple. It was hardly a step up, since in old China actors and barbers were among the lowest of the low—partly because, like servants, they had to stand to perform their jobs. She was, in any case, only a grade B actress: after she married Mao, he had all of her films destroyed. But that was years later. First, at 19, she married a young Communist underground organizer, who made something of a Marxist, a nationalist and a feminist of her. As his reward, when he was sent to Shantung, she stayed behind in the Chinese movie capital, divorced him and married an actor.

That marriage foundered, too, in the confusion of China's civil war. Her first husband meanwhile set out to join Mao's Communist rebels, who had four years earlier made the Long March to the caves of Yen-an, and Chiang Ching went with him. There she met Mao, 20 years her senior and then married to his third wife, the mother of his five children. The encounter was, as the Chinese tell it, like "dried firewood on roaring fire." Mao made Chiang Ching his private secretary and shipped his wife off to Moscow for "psychiatric treatment."

Envy & Politics. In the puritanical atmosphere of Yen-an, Mao's philandering was ill-received. The embryonic Politburo refused to approve his marriage to "the flower of Yen-an" until it was agreed that Chiang Ching would play no part in party affairs and stay strictly out of sight. It was a bargain largely kept, from their marriage in 1939 until August of 1966, when Mrs. Mao suddenly appeared at a Red Guard rally to introduce Defense Minister Lin Piao as Mao's new heir apparent and "closest comrade in arms." The occasion signaled a declaration of war on the enemies of Mao led by his former heir, Chinese President Liu Shao-chi.

Some of Chiang Ching's denunciations are pointedly political; others make sense only as the products of a jealous and petty female. She has accused Liu Shao-chi's wife—a well-born and charming woman who often drew headlines around the world in the years when Chiang Ching was putting up plum preserves in the Precious Moon Castle—of being "a prostitute." She also subjected Mrs. Liu Shao-chi to an all-night "confession" session at the hands of Chiang Ching's pet Red Guard group. She shows such favoritism among the myriad Red Guard bands that two weeks ago posters appeared accusing her of attempting to "monopolize" Maoism and calling her a "time bomb" tricking at the side of Chairman Mao.

Some Western analysts think that the analogy may not be too far wrong and that Mrs. Mao has Red empire ambitions of her own beyond merely aiding Mao in his purge. Chinese history is replete with powerful women, right up to Mme. Sun Yat-sen and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. Some draw a more ominous parallel between Mrs. Mao and the late 19th century Empress Tzu Hsi. The willful Empress had a lethal impact on her environment: her chief rival, her son, her pregnant daughter-in-law and a nephew all died under mysterious circumstances. No one is ready to suggest that Chiang Ching is cut from quite the same cloth. But Sinologists feel that Mrs. Mao, being only 52 in an inner circle of old men, may have considerable say about who will succeed to the Red throne after Mao's last battle is fought, even if she does not herself join the ranks of Chinese empresses.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Charlie, Come Home!

When Ong Tao, the Spirit of the Hearth, returns home each year after his call on the Heavenly Jade Emperor, all Viet Nam takes a holiday from war and erupts in the festival of Tet to welcome the Lunar New Year. It is a time of dancing and dragon masks, of firecrackers rigged from snail shells and gunpowder, of feasting on roast pork and sugared apricots. It is also a time of homecoming. This week, as the Vietnamese greet the Year of the Ram under cover of the four-day truce agreed to by both sides, some 100,000 Viet

Cong are expected to take leave of their units and slip back to their native villages and families for a brief reunion.

Many of them will find waiting a small gift from the government of South Viet Nam: a compact do-it-yourself deflection kit. Wrapped in vinyl, it contains all that a faltering Viet Cong needs to deflect, including a safe-conduct pass and a map of the local district showing precisely where—and how—to find the Allied side. Throughout the country, the kits will be hand-delivered to Viet Cong families by an extraordinary assembly of postmen: former Viet Cong who, as *Hoi Chanh* (returnees), have become members of the government's armed propaganda teams. The kit will be only one more reminder—along with the Tet songs on the radio, the broadcast planes overhead and the millions of leaflets—that the government's *Chieu Hoi* (Open Arms) extend everywhere.

Apricot Bouquets. To those of the enemy who come home to stay, Saigon offers amnesty and retraining to aid the Allied side. Last year the joint U.S. and South Vietnamese *Chieu Hoi* program induced a record 20,242 of the enemy to come over. So far this year, the rate has been running double last year's. For the "psy-war" planners, Tet is far and away the best time to turn the enemy's head and heart. This year's Tet campaign is a mammoth, ingenious saturation of the whole nation, far bigger than last year's effort.

Some 310 million leaflets will shower enemy areas, more than 1,000 for every Viet Cong and North Vietnamese soldier. The theme of this year's campaign is aimed at the enemy's softer instincts, and is embodied in the official Tet poster of maidens carrying bouquets of apricot flowers. One local leaflet elaborates on the theme by tying it to Operation Cedar Falls, which razed V.C. farms and granaries in the Iron Triangle last month. "Are your rations scarce?" it asks. "Three hundred of you have rallied, and they are now where they can be well fed and secure. How about you?" Another quotes Ho Chi Minh: "Remember Uncle's own words as you consider your fate: 'The war may last five, ten, 20 years or longer.'"

Overly Menacing. In the year-long *Chieu Hoi* program, other messages are more overtly menacing, including the display of the body or rotted skull of a dead soldier and the lists of dead North Vietnamese. Facsimiles of North Vietnamese posters are regularly dropped with the warning that "as the war goes on, there will be less and less to buy. Prices will go higher and higher. You may lose all of your wealth, fruit of your sweat and tears." Propaganda teams deliver personal letters by the thousands to homes of suspected Viet Cong, some frankly designed to so compromise a Viet Cong that he is forced to defect to save his life. Broadcasts carry 20 messages in local dialects over South Viet Nam. During Tet, radio and television appeals will be beamed out 18 times a day.

Some 70 cultural-drama teams will be on the road in villages around the nation, acting out and singing the message of "Come home; your loved ones miss you." To Viet Cong families will go 200,000 almanac horoscopes, illustrated with pictures of rebuilt villages, the Manila Conference, schools and a diesel train. The *Chieu Hoi* men will even distribute 100,000 games played with dice to V.C. families. In the game, both sides try to get all their pawns to the defection centers through such obstacles as the Ho Chi Minh trail and monsoon rains. Players are sometimes required to start over because of fatigue, worry and air strikes (see box).

Playing Lysistrata. In command of *Chieu Hoi* is Colonel Phan Van Anh, a stocky, spirited veteran who was himself once a member of the Communist Viet Minh. Anh makes quick inspections of the country's 44 *Chieu Hoi* camps, followed by a notary public who dishes out piasters for the rewards and rations that in the past have too often been skimmed off by corrupt administrators. "You know," says Anh, "the enemy of yesterday may be very good men."

They are also a bargain: the average cost per defector is \$125, v. an estimated \$400,000 expended to kill one enemy soldier, and 70% of those coming over so far have been combat soldiers. For

all the success of *Chieu Hoi*, though, it is still far from winning the war. To date there have been only 200 defectors from the North Vietnamese forces, and no matter how many war-weary Viet Cong come over the line, there will be yet more Northerners to replace them. Still, Saigon feels that the defection rate has reached a turning point, expects this year to more than double the number of defectors to 50,000. To that end, no technique of seduction or coercion is out of bounds. One American psy-war expert produced 50 defectors by a method that would have pleased Aristophanes: he persuaded the wives in a Central Highlands village to play Lysistrata to their Viet Cong husbands, refusing to sleep with them unless they deserted. They did.

RUMANIA

Barbers of the World Unite!

Though Marx and Lenin both wore beards—as do current Comrades Ho Chi Minh, Fidel Castro and Walter Ulbricht—beards have long been in disfavor throughout much of the Communist world. The wholly unkempt look is considered antisocial and a sign of Western decadence. Alarmed by the growing number of beards appearing on students and intellectuals, Rumania has

now earned the distinction of being the first Communist state to take official action against the menace. With the invincible Communist lack of humor that no amount of economic liberalization can cure, the Rumanian government has decreed that beards may henceforth be grown only by special permission.

The man who wants such permission must appear at a police station, give what the government considers an acceptable reason for wearing one—an acting job, a scar on the chin. If the police approve, he must then carry around, like a driver's license, a special permit stating specifically his reason for having a beard. Others had better stay clean-shaven.

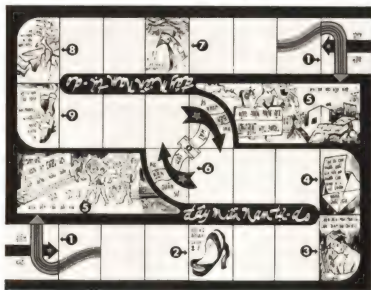
In their drive to purify Rumania's youth of Western influence, the Communists have also decided that bare legs are as bad as shaggy chins. Though red-blooded Rumanians like to think of Bucharest as "the Paris of the Balkans," the authorities have also banned miniskirts. When noble girls came upon some Western fashion magazines and began drawing up their skirts over the knee, the regime began dressing down the culprits. The styles quickly changed, but the Rumanian girls, most of whom are their own seamstresses, did not completely toe the party hemline. The latest style is the knee-length skirt that has a few inches of lace or fur sewn onto the hem—detachable for when the police are looking the other way.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Dubious Detour

As the owner of a lucrative travel agency catering to Harvard students, Vladimir Kazan, 42, qualified for VIP treatment when he visited Moscow last October at the cordial invitation of Intourist, the Soviet state travel bureau. In fact, the Russians picked up the bill for his entire stay. But Kazan, a former Czech who had emigrated to the U.S. in 1955 and become a citizen, discovered that Communist hospitality can still be highly uneven. Returning to the U.S. via Paris, Kazan's Soviet Aeroflot jetliner made an unscheduled stop in Prague for what Czech authorities said was a "radar breakdown." When it took off again, Kazan's seat was empty: the Czechs had arrested him.

Just why the Communists wanted Kazan so badly is not clear. In 1951, his name—originally Vladimir Komarek—had been linked with a spy ring at the trial of Associated Press Newsmen William N. Oatis, who later served two years in a Czech prison on a trumped-up espionage charge. The Czechs also claimed that Kazan once had a role in a gaudy murder in which a secret agent, supposedly firing through his raincoat pocket, killed a policeman in Prague. But when Kazan-Komarek came to trial last week before a three-man tribunal in Prague's municipal courthouse—dressed in the same blue blazer, yellow sports shirt and slacks that



HOW TO PLAY THE GAME OF DEFECTION

Object of the Game: to be the first player to move your pawn—supposedly a Viet Cong defector—from either of the two starting squares (1) to the Open Arms defection centers (5).

Number of Players: from two to eight.

How to Move: roll dice to determine the number of squares you may advance.

Special Squares: (2) Your sandal strap broke: you must go back two squares.

(3) Your monsoon offensive ended in defeat: start over.

(4) You have just received a government letter urging you to defect: take an extra turn.

(6) The Demilitarized Zone: start over.

(7) Your Viet Cong arms-carrying sampan is under air attack: go back two spaces.

(8) You are hogged down on the Ho Chi Minh trail: start over.

(9) You meet a South Vietnamese militia woman: roll again.

he had on when he left Russia—he was no longer charged with being an accomplice to a murder. The Czech press stopped referring to him as a U.S. spy. Instead, he was accused of having recruited agents for French intelligence and helped people cross the Czech border westward from 1948 to 1950, almost 20 years ago.

Whatever the reasons for the kidnap plot, the Czechs went easy on Kázan—possibly because Czechoslovakia is seeking trade advantages from the U.S. and an expansion of tourism, which could hardly be encouraged by the martyrdom of a U.S. citizen. He was sentenced to a comparatively light eight years in prison; he could have got as much as 20. At week's end Kázan-Komarek's sentence was suspended, and, having satisfied the Czechs' mysterious purpose, he was released and put aboard a flight to New York.

In another example of what appears to be a more mellow Communist policy, East Germany last week freed, before the end of their allotted terms, four Americans who had been in East German prisons for more than a year. Three of them—Frederick Matthews, 24, Moses Herrin, 26, and Mary Battle, 26—had been convicted of the once unpardonable offense of assisting persons who wanted to flee the Iron Curtain. The fourth, William Lovett, 26, was imprisoned in May, 1965 for his part in a serious auto crash in Leipzig.

Since the U.S. does not recognize East Germany, a private citizen played a major role in negotiating the release of the four. He was New York Attorney Maxwell M. Rabb, president of the U.S. Committee for Refugees and a former secretary to the Eisenhower Cabinet, who has lately spent considerable time arranging freedom for other Communist captives. He won the release last March of John Van Altena, a young American who had also been convicted of assisting an East German family trying to flee to the West.

GHANA

Problems of Dekwamification

Through the crowded streets of Accra, borne in a cage like an animal, a onetime ranking member of Ghana's dreaded security service was carried by police. Caught in nearby Nigeria and flown to Accra on a Ghana air force plane, he was on his way to prison—and almost surely to death. The cage in which he rode had been especially designed and constructed to contain a greater prize: the erstwhile Ghanaian ruler, Kwame Nkrumah, who before his overthrow a year ago, called himself "the Christ of our day" and "the Conqueror of imperialism."

Nkrumah has avoided the cage. He is encoined in a seaside villa in the Guinean capital of Conakry, 980 miles from Accra, where he studies French, carries on a voluminous correspondence with his remaining admir-

ers and hatches schemes for a triumphal return. Though Sékou Touré, Guinea's leader, has distinctly cooled on his initial offer to share power and prestige with Nkrumah, he continues to give Nkrumah sanctuary. Nkrumah's presence is thus still felt in Ghana, especially by the military men of the National Liberation Council who now run the country.

After tossing out Nkrumah, they made an impressive start at Dekwamification by re-establishing an independent judiciary, granting a degree of freedom to the long-muzzled press, freeing political prisoners and rooting out corrupt officials. They spared the country a bloodbath by singling out only the most culpable of Nkrumah's followers for punishment. Said General Joseph Ankrah, 51, the N.L.C.'s leader: "I did



CAGED EX-SECURITY CHIEF IN ACCRA
Understandably edgy, ever tougher.

not depose Nkrumah to institute another reign of terror. We can be tough, but we are civilized."

Fears & Alarms. In recent weeks, the fear of Nkrumah-planned subversion has forced Ankrah to become increasingly tough. His men have uncovered two separate shipments of explosives and hand grenades being smuggled into Ghana to be used, so police say, to sabotage the big International Trade Fair, now under way in Accra. The country is full of rumors about assassination plots against the military rulers. Two army officers and two other men have been arrested on the charge of plotting a counter-coup. Cracking down, the military regime has enacted an antiriot law that is reminiscent of Nkrumah's own draconian measures. Under the law, anyone who attempts to establish contact with Nkrumah, who plots subversion or who even knows about a subversive plot and fails to report it, is subject to summary trial before a special military court. The penalties range from 25 years in prison to death.

Ankrah feels understandably edgy.

He has taken some unpopular steps in an attempt to rescue the nearly bankrupt economy left behind by Nkrumah. He has, for example, shut down work on many grandiose and unrealistic construction projects that Nkrumah had scattered throughout the country. One result is that 50,000 people have been thrown out of work. Ankrah fears that many of them might be glad to see Nkrumah return, if only to get their jobs back. The most immediate threat from Nkrumah is not armed subversion but the ability to stir up in Ghana a state of nervousness and uncertainty that can only hurt the new government.

SPAIN

Unaccustomed Tumult

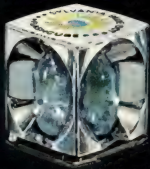
Until recently, strikes and demonstrations were the rare exceptions in Spain; by last week they seemed to have become the rule. Shouting "Freedom, Freedom!" 2,000 students surged out of Madrid University to scuffle with squads of grey-clad police. After the Madrid riot was put down, students in Barcelona took up the fight; even women students joined in, whacking cops with rock-filled purses. Striking miners closed down 21 pits in the always tense Asturias area, and 7,000 textile workers staged a one-day walkout in Barcelona. Steel workers struck a major cold-rolling plant in Bilbao. Elsewhere, Spain's burgeoning industries were bothered by sit-ins, walkouts, and slowdowns.

In a sense, General Francisco Franco has brought the trouble on himself by seeking in recent months to relax the tight rein that his regime had for decades imposed on Spain. Franco recently promulgated a new constitution that will ultimately bring the country at least a semblance of parliamentary democracy, also decreed that strikes were no longer illegal provided that they were called exclusively for economic reasons. Taking him at his word, Spanish workers have struck a number of times for higher wages to offset Spain's rising cost of living. But politics also clearly played a role in last week's disturbances. Clandestine Communist labor leaders wanted to demonstrate their considerable power among Spanish workers. So far, police have kept the disturbances well under control, and students calmed down so quickly after classes were suspended that both Madrid and Barcelona universities expected shortly to resume normal schedules.

Some Spaniards fear that last week's disturbances may cause Franco to reverse his liberal trend and reimpose totalitarian controls. Now that Spaniards have had a taste of the new liberalism, however, any attempts to reassert the old autocratic rule might only provoke even greater violence among students and workers. That would wipe out Franco's plan to guide Spain into a new era of freedom before his death, and with it his hope that history will judge him as a ruler who knew when to innovate rather than to dictate.



What does this new telephone have in common...



...with a Blue Dot Flashcube? And a Flashcube...



...with satellite communications? Or satellite communications...



...with brighter color TV? Brighter color TV...



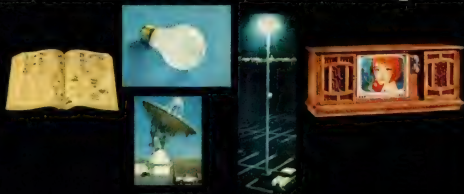
...with a new kind of light bulb? And what does a light bulb...



...have in common with an electronic blackboard?...



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There's one thing we insist on in our family: new and better ideas for you. We can't show you all the products and services from the GT&E family of companies. There are thousands. Flashcubes and TV sets from Sylvania . . . telephones from Automatic Electric . . . telephone service from the General System . . . data transmission systems from Lenkurt . . . these only give you a clue. Put it this way: every day, though you may not realize it, you probably use something provided by a GT&E company . . .

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General Telephone Operating Companies

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Publishes telephone directories. Sells Yellow Pages advertising in more than 900 telephone directories printed for the General System and others.

Lenkurt Electric

Telecommunications. Global leadership in microwave communications. Voice, video and data transmission. Military electronics.

General Telephone & Electronics International

Manufactures and markets GT&E products outside the United States. Subsidiaries and affiliates in more than 90 countries.

It adds up to 135,000 people working together in the GT&E family to serve your family with new and better ideas.

GT&E

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

730 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017

PEOPLE

Grand opera's grand old man has been exercising his vocal cords only as a lecturer since his retirement in 1950. But when former Metropolitan Opera Tenor **Giovanni Martinelli**, 81, arrived in Seattle, the head of the Seattle Opera persuaded him to sing some of the old songs again, playing in Puccini's *Turandot*. In his younger days, Martinelli portrayed the swain Calaf, but now, costumed like a mandarin Lear, he sang the aged emperor. He was still in good voice, and the audience gave him two standing ovations. Was he satisfied with his performance? Of course not, said Martinelli. "As an artist, you are never satisfied."

There in the Hudson River off Manhattan lay the *Queen Elizabeth*, the world's biggest (at 83,673 tons) ocean liner. Not a tugboat was on hand to ease her 1,031-ft. length into her narrow slip at 52nd Street because the tugs' crews were on strike. What to do? In she goes, commanded Captain **Geoffrey Thripleton Marr**, 57, and with infinite care, using hawsers and anchors and great good seamanship, he and his tars brought their gigantic vessel to dock all by themselves. So precise was his reckoning that the captain even noticed the tide was ebbing a few minutes early. "Rain upcountry, that sort of thing," he figured. It took almost 14 hours, but not an inch of paint was scraped. "Well done, sir!" called a first-class passenger. "Lovely day," said Captain Marr.

She first came into his viewfinder during the filming of *A Lovely Summer Morning* two years ago, and since then Spanish Cameraman **Manuel Velasco**, 23, has absolutely refused to let Actress **Geraldine Chaplin**, 22, out of his sight. It got so that even though she was dating other fellows, the gossips were insisting that soon there would be a



GIOVANNI MARTINELLI
Satisfied? Never.

Velasco on either side of the camera. Not so, said Charlie's daughter. "I have no intention of marrying until I'm 30 at least." That does seem a bit of a wait, but Manuel looked reasonably patient when the two got together at a party in Madrid, where Geraldine has bought an apartment and set to work in a new Spanish film.

The news, gasped Madrid's daily *Pueblo*, "has come like the explosion of a hydrogen bomb, like the alighting of 100,000 fiery angels." Or so it seemed to Spain's *aficionados*. The man who dropped the bomb, Bullfighter **Manuel Benítez**, 29, better known as **El Cordobés**, seemed unshakable in his decision. The night before, he explained, "I fell asleep, but suddenly at 3:20 in the morning I leaped out of bed ready to break the news. Providence told me to do this." So, after seven professional years that earned him some \$7,000,000 plus 1,000 bull's ears and 600 tails, the world's best known—if not best—matador announced that he was retiring from the blood and sand. It may be a wise move, since his fame came not so much from his skill with the cape but from the insane chances he took—and next season Providence might be on the side of the bulls.

Workmen hauling a rare 11th century Cambodian statue from an elevator let it fall and broke its nose. Next, a thief slipped into the museum and made off with a 19th century Japanese scroll. Then an epidemic of "b onzo disease" corrosion broke out twice among the priceless Buddhas. And what's worse, the roof leaked. All that was a bit much for Millionaire Builder **Avery Brundage**, 79, president of the international Olym-

pic committee and one of the world's foremost collectors of Oriental art, who donated his \$30 million hoard of treasures to the city of San Francisco for display in the M. H. de Young Museum. Having posted 20 letters complaining about the museum's treatment of his trove, Brundage finally fired off an ultimatum: "It is quite obvious that this project is too large for this museum, if not for the city of San Francisco itself." If they don't treat his artistic Golconda as he thinks it should be treated, he will take it elsewhere.

Dolefully surveying the wreckage of his second marriage, a five-year union with Elizabeth Taylor that Richard Burton put asunder somewhere in the second act of *Cleopatra*, Singer **Eddie Fisher** sounded resigned. "My inclination is to remain a bachelor," he said after his 1964 divorce. "I've struck out twice and I've learned." Now he's differently inclined. "I wasn't in love when I said that," he explained, "and I am now." In Manhattan, he slipped a five-carat diamond ring on the finger of Actress **Connie Stevens**, 28, Broadway's current *Star-Spangled Girl*, reported that they will be married as soon as Connie's divorce from Actor James Stacy comes through.

An intro from Auntie certainly didn't hurt. "She's absolutely charming, a perfectly natural performer," raved Actress **Katharine Hepburn**, 57. With that, she presented her niece, **Katharine Houghton**, 22, at a Hollywood press conference announcing that the lass would be teaming up with Aunt Kate to make a little satire called *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*. And guess who introduced young Kath to Producer Stanley Kramer in the first place? Noting the family resemblance, Kramer cast the girl, whose previous experience included two TV shows and an ingénue's role in a Broadway flop, as Katharine Hepburn's daughter.



VELASCO & GERALDINE CHAPLIN
Patience, please.



KATHARINE HOUGHTON & HEPBURN
Thank you, Auntie.



"We've already taken three of the four steps to assure the future success of American Motors. We're taking the fourth step now."

Spend seven minutes with Roy D. Chapin, Jr., Chairman of American Motors, as he's interviewed on his plans for the company. John Bond, Publisher of CAR LIFE and ROAD & TRACK, asks the questions. Mr. Chapin gives some surprising answers.

MR. BOND: *The fourth step? What is it?*

MR. CHAPIN: We intend to expand the number of dealers we have. People don't realize it, but we've been held back by the fact that our products haven't been for sale in enough places.

MR. BOND: *How many dealers do you have?*

MR. CHAPIN: Almost 2,500. Give us 300 more dealers as good as the ones we have now, and we'll really roll.

MR. BOND: *You said this is the fourth step. What were the other three?*

MR. CHAPIN: People, product, and plant. Look at the people we have now. Our new management is young. And I don't mean only in years. They approach problems with a young point of view.

MR. BOND: *And your product and plant?*

MR. CHAPIN: Our product—our cars—are unlike any we've ever built. We have style we've never had before. I don't have to tell you that our engines are the most modern on the road. They're one important result of the more than one-quarter billion dollars we've invested in recent years in plant and equipment and tooling.

MR. BOND: *Over a quarter-billion? That's more than most major companies are worth in total.*

MR. CHAPIN: You're right. You're talking about a company that outsells such major companies as National Cash Register and Campbell Soup. A company that has greater assets than General Mills and Armstrong Cork.

MR. BOND: *Those statistics are surprising.*

MR. CHAPIN: I know. Not many people are aware that we have 25,000 employees, and production in 26 countries, including one of the largest automobile plants in the world, at Kenosha, Wisconsin. We're big now, and we're ready to grow a lot bigger.

MR. BOND: *You've been active in American Motors international operations, isn't that right?*

MR. CHAPIN: Right.

MR. BOND: *I know there are many, many Ramblers in Mexico and Argentina. You seem to be having a good deal of success there.*

MR. CHAPIN: We are. As a matter of fact, our cars are the number one U.S. sellers in Latin America. And they're the top U.S. imports in France and Germany.

MR. BOND: *I don't think many people realize that. I didn't. Let me ask you something I know people wonder about—the resale value of American Motors cars.*

MR. CHAPIN: I know some people wonder about it. They could check the published resale values of our cars—the values dealers go by. And I only wish they would.

MR. BOND: *How do you feel about your company's sales performance so far this year?*

MR. CHAPIN: Even though in the first three months of this model year we sold at an annual rate in excess of 250,000 cars, I'm certainly not satisfied. But many of our dealers already are feeling the impact

of the three changes we've made. If all our dealers were selling at the same rate as these dealers, we'd sell over a half-million 1967 cars.

MR. BOND: *Your company has gotten a lot of publicity on its dream cars. Now that I see this AMX, I see why.*

MR. CHAPIN: Our dream cars won't be dream cars much longer.

MR. BOND: *You'll produce them?*

MR. CHAPIN: Yes—some of them as '68 models. We began this year to build more freshness and originality and innovation into our cars. These qualities will be evident in everything we do from now on.

MR. BOND: *These should be exciting years for you and your people.*

MR. CHAPIN: We're sure they will be. It's always more exciting to lead than to follow. Now, Mr. Bond, may I ask you a question?

MR. BOND: *Well—yes.*

MR. CHAPIN: Are you driving an American Motors car?

MR. BOND: *No, I'm not.*

MR. CHAPIN: Isn't it time you were?



This interview took place at American Motors corporate headquarters in Detroit, Michigan, on January 25, 1967.

AMERICAN MOTORS—WHERE IT STANDS TODAY.

Over \$400 million in total assets . . . four U.S. plants, in three cities, including one of the world's largest automotive facilities . . . the world's most modern engine plant . . . 25,000 employees, including an all-new management team . . . nearly 2,500 auto dealers with a net worth of almost

\$200 million . . . 360-acre proving ground.

26 different models of cars on three different wheelbases . . . new engines, the most modern V-8's and Sixes in the industry.

Production in 26 countries, sales in 100 countries . . . sales abroad quadrupled over the past five years, under the leadership of Roy Chapin.

Kelvinator Division among the strongest organizations in the world appliance field . . . sales-financing subsidiary, Redisco, increased business 20% last year . . . an exciting lineup of future products slated for early introduction.



SPORT

BASKETBALL

Proof of the Promise

Some night when the moon is full and the wiverns and hobgoblins are about, somebody may actually beat U.C.L.A. in basketball—but only if Lew Alcindor happens to leave his shins at home. Now that the college season is two-thirds over, U.C.L.A.'s Bruins are still undefeated, and Alcindor has proved to be better, if anything, than his notices promised. The 7-ft. 12-in. sophomore leads the nation in both scoring (31.2 points per game) and field-goal percentage (202 out of 299 for 68%). On the road against Illinois last week, he poured in 45 points as the No. 1-ranked Bruins won their 16th in a row, 120-82. When Alcindor came out of the game with 61 min. still to go, officials whistled the play dead and presented him with the ball.

Not that rival teams are capitulating. Last month California played him so tightly that even Lew complained: "They grabbed my arms when I went up to shoot. They held me and pushed me and banged me all around." He still scored 26 points in the 96-78 victory. Illinois' Harry Combes tried covering Alcindor man-to-man with his own star sophomore, 6-ft. 7-in. Dave Scholtz; with his 6-in. height advantage, Lew simply fired away at will—often not bothering to jump. Loyola of Chicago's Coach George Ireland tried a "collapsing" defense in which as many as three players converged on Alcindor every time he got the ball. Alcindor blocked

at least ten shots, pulled down 20 rebounds, and scored 35 points, including two on a spectacular backward "dunk" shot—whirling, leaping, reaching up over his head, ramming the ball through the hoop from behind. Score: U.C.L.A. 82, Loyola 67.

Looking for Lew, Alcindor's contribution goes beyond scoring, rebounding or even blocking shots on defense. "He psychs the other team," explains Loyola's Ireland, "because he just looks so big"—and U.C.L.A. Coach John Wooden concurs. "When Lew is on defense, he cuts down the shooting percentage of the other team. They're afraid to shoot, and they're looking for him when they do shoot—so they don't shoot as well. When he is on offense, the other team has to weaken its defense in other areas to prevent him from getting the real easy shots."

The only complaint any of the experts have about Alcindor so far is that he is a trifle slow coming downcourt on offense—to which Wooden replies: "I don't care how long he takes to get into position. We'll wait for him." And so will the fans. Every U.C.L.A. home game is a sellout, and 27,000 people braved the worst blizzard in Chicago history to see him against Loyola and Illinois. "Everyone wants to see the big guy play," says Santa Clara Coach Dick Garibaldi, who counts himself fortunate that his team does not play the Bruins. "Why, people are even calling me to ask if I can get them seats to the Stanford-U.C.L.A. game in March." Sighs Stanford Coach Howie Dallmar, whose Indians already have been beaten once by U.C.L.A.: 116-78. "Tell them they can have my ticket."

TRACK & FIELD

Whale of an Artist

Indoor track fans usually have to be satisfied with style and spirit instead of statistics. Performances rarely match those outdoors, partly because few trackmen are in top form during the winter, partly because some events are a whole lot harder indoors. The world record for the mile is 3 min. 51.3 sec. outdoors but 5:1 sec. slower indoors. The board tracks are slower and slipperier than outdoors and smaller, too, with eleven laps to the mile instead of four, 22 turns instead of eight. The indoor long-jump record is 27 ft., compared with 27 ft. 4½ in. outdoors—because runways are shorter indoors and jumpers cannot work up as much speed for their takeoff.

Then there is the shotput. Texas A. & M.'s Randy Matson holds the outdoor world record with a heave of 70 ft. 7½ in., but the best he has ever done indoors is 64 ft. 4½ in. One reason, says Randy, is that the shots themselves are different: both weigh 16 lbs., but the outdoor shot is plain metal while the indoor shot is covered with plastic



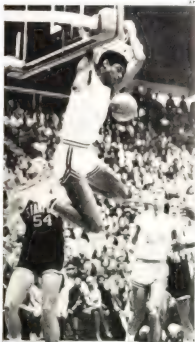
STEINHAEUSER SETTING RECORD
Not as sudden as it seemed.

so that it won't ruin the wooden floors. "The indoor shot slips off Randy's hand," explains Matson's coach, Charlie Thomas. "He can't control it, and he's afraid of it."

Real Challenger. No such fear, obviously, besets the University of Oregon's Neale Steinhauser, 22, who has generated the only real excitement so far this winter. When the season started, hardly anyone gave him a second thought, although he was the world's No. 2-ranked shotputter. Last month in San Francisco, Neal broke the indoor record with a toss of 66 ft. 6½ in.—beating Matson in the process. And two weeks ago in Portland, Ore., Steinhauser uncorked six straight puts of over 65 ft.—the longest of which traveled 67 ft. 10 in.—and broke the record again.

Suddenly Randy Matson, the King of the Whales, had a real challenger and Neale Steinhauser was a celebrity. It didn't seem all that sudden to Steinhauser. The son of a sawmill superintendent in Eugene, Ore., he has been putting the shot since he was a junior in high school, stood 6 ft. 2 in. tall and weighed 150 lbs. He is now 6 ft. 5 in., weighs 265 lbs., boasts a 52-in. chest and 18½-in. biceps. Wearing an old Oregon football jersey with No. 70 on the back, he works out with weights for three hours (he can lift 600 lbs.) on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; on alternate days he spends two hours throwing the shot in the basement of the Oregon gym, bouncing the plastic ball off a wall 55 ft. away. "And I'm forever knocking out the light bulbs in the ceiling," says Neal, "but they keep replacing them, so I keep on throwing."

Now that he has the indoor record, Steinhauser has two goals left. First, to beat Matson's outdoor world record. Second, to paint landscapes. "Heck," he says, "I was an artist before I was a shotputter, and I'll be an artist after I'm a shotputter."



ALCINDOR DUNKING BACKWARDS
As big as he looks.



The ship that nearly burned down New York

The same marine tradition that shaped Atlantic's insurance protection for the clipper ships and packets produces better insurance for you today

It was nearly 2 A.M. on December 28, 1853, when the news spread across a shocked New York. America's newest, biggest, \$300,000 clipper—the *Great Republic*—was on fire, burning out of control at her East River berth. And blazing to her fore and aft were two full-rigged vessels, ignited by the showering sparks.

Despite intense cold, driving snow, and the hour, thousands of spectators raced to the tip of Manhattan, now lit by a huge red glow. It would be a night they'd never forget.

For three days the inferno raged, threatening the waterfront, Wall Street, and City Hall. Finally, on New Year's Day, a sleepless city saw the last flame quenched of a fire that had made Christmas Week a nightmare.

Not entirely by coincidence, all three ships carried insurance protection written by Atlantic. Shipowners of that day naturally turned to Atlantic, the country's largest marine insurer. The company's philosophy then, as now, was to *do what's best for the policyholder first*.

When Atlantic expanded to include insurance for homes, cars, boats, and businesses, it never abandoned this broadminded approach. An Atlantic policy still brings the best coverage possible, combined with prompt, fair, and ungrudging claim payments. Just as it has been doing for 125 years.

And since Atlantic is convinced your insurance needs are served best by independent agents and brokers, you can get its quality insurance through them.

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The tire you're riding on is probably shaped like this.



This is the new Wide Oval tire. Notice the tread. Nearly two inches wider than the tread on your present tire.



The tire shape of the future—a new concept of tire safety.

The New Super Sports

WIDE OVAL TIRE

Built wide like a race tire.
To grip better. Corner easier.
Run cooler. Stop quicker.

It's not what we get out of racing.
It's what you get.

The new Super Sports Wide Oval tire.
Safest tire we've ever built. Actually
developed out of our racing research.

It's a passenger car tire, but built
wide. Nearly two inches wider than
your present tire. To start faster.
Corner easier. Run cooler. Stop
quicker. 25% quicker.

It even takes less horsepower to
move than ordinary tires.

The new 1967 high-performance cars
are on Firestone Wide Oval tires. You
can get them for your present car at
any Firestone Dealer or Store.

The Super Sports Wide Oval. Another
first in tire safety engineering—from
Firestone.

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Firestone

Your safety is our business

Why haven't you bought a color television set yet?

Is it because you're scared stiff you'll wind up with a dog?

We don't blame you.

The sight of a chartreuse baseball player chasing a blue baseball over magenta grass on an expensive color set is enough to give anybody the pitters.

Does this mean you should put off buying a color television set another year?

Definitely not.

If you have the right kind of set, color television can be beautiful.

Which brings us to the Panasonic CT-66L. It's the right kind of set.

It's beautiful.

Inside and out.

Outside, you'll find a slim, compact, good-looking solid-walnut cabinet.

Inside, over 500 electronic components. That's about 100 more than you would find in most color sets. This extra color circuitry gives you a clear, sharp, steady picture.

Our automatic degaussing system makes sure that the color picture stays color pure all the time.

If you're still a little scared at this point, maybe this will calm you down.

The Panasonic CT-66L was lab-tested by the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Inc., against sets of comparable size and price, made by three leading manufacturers.*

They all make good sets.

Panasonic beat them.

The lab report said that Panasonic's picture was better in these three areas: signal sensitivity, closeness to real life, and picture detail. No one in the test topped it for brightness and clarity.

At this point you're probably saying to yourself, "Sure, Panasonic beat three top companies in a test. But who is Panasonic? And should I trust them when I'm putting more than 400 bucks on the line for a color television set?"

We have a simple answer.

Panasonic is a company that has 2,500 scientists and engineers, 40,000

technicians in 72 factories. Owns 14,048 patent rights and designs. Sells 4,500 products in 120 countries.

Panasonic actually designs and makes every vital component in its color set from the tiniest transistor to the biggest color picture tube.

We don't just put color television sets together at Panasonic. We *make* color television sets.

And we make tape recorders...radios...black and white television sets...and phonographs and video tape recorders with the same high quality-controlled standards.

If you're still scared stiff about color television, spend five minutes in a store we permit to carry the Panasonic line.

Take a look at a Panasonic color set.

Compare it to all the other color pictures you've seen.

When you get finished using your eyes, use your head.

Buy yourself a new Panasonic color set.



Ingenious, these PANASONIC

2000 AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y.

*Actual color picture of test pattern.

*Laboratory test conducted in Hickory, N.C., July, 1964, using built-in antenna furnished with set. Two identical models of each brand were tested. Third test in week report was obtained from 14 sets for external antenna for best results.

RELIGION

MORALITY

The Rights & Wrongs of Abortion

For Roman Catholics, abortion is a grave moral wrong. For a growing number of Protestants and Jews, it is an act that is justified under certain circumstances. Currently, the differences between these views are of more than academic interest. The introduction of several state abortion reform bills has caused a loud and bitter interfaith debate on the subject—and has indicated that even in an era of ecumenical good will, there remain profound disparities between Catholicism and other faiths on fundamental issues.

In Manhattan last week, a New York state legislative committee opened public hearings on a bill to liberalize the

very instant of conception; to destroy it willfully, therefore, is to commit an act analogous to murder.¹⁰ Denouncing the proposed Arizona reform, Tucson's Bishop Francis J. Green declared: "Traditionally, it has been the responsibility of the state to protect life. This law introduces a frightening change in the state's attitude toward a person's right to live."

Even theologians who are willing to question the church's opposition to contraception and divorce stand firmly by tradition when it comes to abortion. Canon Victor Heylen of Belgium's Louvain University asks: "Once you pass into utilitarianism on abortion, where do you go? Why do you kill an unborn child after six months and not old people or not criminals or not just every second person in the world?"

While Orthodox Jews and conservative Protestants generally remain opposed to abortion reform, there is increasing sentiment in both church and synagogue to liberalize existing laws, within certain bounds. The New York State Council of Churches has endorsed the state's abortion bill on grounds of "profound charity." The New York Federation of Reform Synagogues, which also supports the new proposal, has pointed out that "great suffering and the loss of life of thousands of women is the price that is paid because abortion is illegal."

Viable Sperm. Protestant theologians, even as they continue to affirm the essential sacredness of life, argue that the inflexible Catholic opposition is bad morality based on bad biology. Says Episcopal Priest Lester Kinsolving of San Francisco: "The contention that the fetus, being viable, is to be regarded as a human being is not only specious but begs the consideration that the sperm is also viable." Not even the most austere Catholic moralist, he points out, suggests that the loss of semen through nocturnal emission represents the taking of life. German Protestant Theologian Joachim Beckmann concedes that the embryo is alive from conception, but firmly insists that certain circumstances—such as pregnancy through rape—allow abortion, just as killing is permissible in war.

Because of the strong Catholic opposition, the states' abortion bills are not likely to pass into law, at least in their present form. But on this issue, at least, the Protestant and Jewish acceptance of reform seems to coincide with popular opinion. In a survey taken by the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center, 71% favored

¹⁰ In Catholic moral theology, abortion is permissible only when the mother's life is clearly jeopardized, as by an extra-uterine pregnancy. Under the principle of "double effect," a morally evil action (the abortion) is allowable when it is the side effect of a morally good one (saving the woman's life).

legal abortion when the woman's health is seriously endangered, 56% when the pregnancy resulted from rape, and 55% when there is strong likelihood that the child would be born defective.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

New Career for Sheen

In his long career, the Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen was best known as a maker of famous converts and a magnet television preacher. He never had to bother with pastoral duties. Inevitably, after Pope Paul VI named him Bishop of Rochester, N.Y., last November, the question arose: How would the celebrated Catholic evangelist perform as head of a modest diocese? "Spectacularly well" seems to be the answer.

Before he moved to Rochester, Sheen, 71, had something of a reputation as a churchly conservative, but he has turned



FATHER KINSOLVING

Bad morality based on bad biology.

out to be a highly imaginative innovator. "Introducing democracy into administration," as he puts it, Sheen permitted the 583 priests in the diocese to elect his vicar-general, or chief aide, who before had always been appointed by the bishop. He is forming a new clerical advisory council of twelve priests—also elected by the clergy—and has already named a lay administrative committee to handle financial affairs of the diocese.

Hope for All. Sheen has already visited one-fourth of the 170 churches in his jurisdiction, delivered 60 talks to civic and religious groups—including a sermon at a synagogue that drew one of the largest audiences in its history. "I spoke to them of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob," Sheen said. "Abraham was a great man, Isaac was a mediocre man and Jacob was a deceiver. But God loved them all—so there is hope for all of us."

In Rochester, Sheen demonstrated his concern for local poverty by naming the Rev. David Finks, 36, as his "vicar

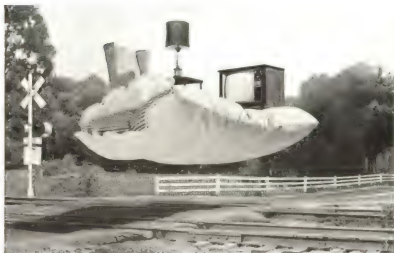


TUCSON'S BISHOP GREEN

An act analogous to murder.

state's 84-year-old abortion law. Last month an Arizona state-senate committee approved a similar measure, and in California another abortion reform bill was being prepared for introduction in the legislature. All the proposed new codes would supersede existing laws—of the kind that are in force in most states—that flatly bar all abortions, including therapeutic ones, except to save the life of the mother. Instead, the bills would allow committees of doctors to authorize abortions in cases of 1) rape or incest, 2) substantial risk that the infant would be born defective, or 3) substantial risk to the mother's "physical or mental health."

From the Beginning. Roman Catholic leaders are speaking out against the proposed laws with uncommon vigor and even bitterness. Catholic moral theologians point out that abortion and infanticide have been flatly condemned by the church since its earliest years. Today most Catholic scholars still agree that the fetus is a human life from the



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for the urban ministry" in charge of slum problems. Finks has been closely allied with a local Negro protest organization set up by that professional agitator, Saul Alinsky. The group has been demanding that the Eastman Kodak Co. hire 600 Negroes from poverty areas. Despite his appointment of Finks, Sheen has refused to take sides in the quarrel—but he has pointedly urged city business leaders to provide more jobs for the city's Negro ghetto.

Sheen, whose current television series was taped before he went to Rochester, has lost none of his flair for phrase making. Describing the church's problems in one pastoral letter, he wrote:

BURT SCRIMSHAW



BISHOP SHEEN
Spectacular is the answer.

"God is telling us something in the new situation in which we find ourselves. The rending of the veil of the Temple in an earthquake opened up the Holy of Holies to the world, and the earthquake of secularism has shaken us out of hiddenness and complacency."

No complacent man himself, Sheen works an 18-hour day, and has given up his twice-weekly tennis game. The way he is going, he may be remembered as the best bishop Rochester ever had—instead of the man who rivaled Milton Berle in the Nielsen ratings.

PROTESTANTS

A Defender of the Church

"I have lived my life for my church, not for any direction within the church, not for any theological school, not for any special task of the church, but for the church as a whole." Thus, in 1960, did Protestant Bishop Otto Dibelius sum up his career in what he called his ecclesiastical testament. For the long-time head of Germany's Evangelical



Who cares about price?

You do. But you know price means nothing unless you also examine the quality. When buying diamonds, for instance. And especially life insurance.

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What's all that got to do with price? Just this:

we're also a low cost company—just about as low as you'll find. So—in smaller type—we add:

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That's the twelfth increase in our dividend scale in the last 20 years.

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Connecticut Mutual Life
The 'Blue Chip' company that's low in cost, too.

for men...
exhilarating elegance...

JADE EAST
COLOGNE AND AFTER SHAVE

AFTER SHAVE FROM \$2.50 COLOGNE FROM \$2.50 CHANG, NEW YORK - SALE DISTRIBUTION



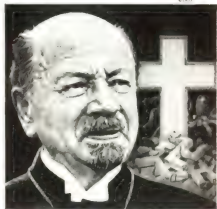
Old Flint Glass

...authentic reproductions from the **Henry Ford Museum Collection**, circa 1858. Treasure for Americana fanciers... with the surprising beauty sophisticates seek out for any decor. Brilliant for state occasions; practical for every day. Handmolded in crystal, ruby, blue, olive green—complete service. For the lively new look in decorating with great taste...

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DIBELIUS (TIME COVER, APRIL 6, 1953)

Far beyond mere duty.

(Lutheran) Church, who died after a stroke and erysipelas last week at 86, it was a fitting self-appraisal.

In the 20th century, no man spoke up more strongly for the freedom of the church than Otto Dibelius. A stern, proud, blunt Prussian, Dibelius was one of the first German churchmen to protest Nazism, whose distorted views on Christianity he later termed "a frightful mixture of race, blood, soil and New Testament." Suspended as superintendent-general of the Kurmark church district in 1933, he continued his resistance by writing clandestine leaflets—for which he was arrested several times. In 1937, when he stood trial for asserting the church's right to preach, among other things, that Jesus was a Jew, Dibelius was asked by Hitler's Minister for Church Affairs, "Why do you keep on fighting when it is no longer your duty?" Replied Dibelius: "A Christian is never off duty."

After World War II, he was named Bishop of Berlin and head of the presiding Council of the Evangelical Church. Just as staunchly as he had rebuked Nazism, Dibelius attacked the "materialist ideology" of Communism and repeatedly risked arrest to preach against atheism in his cathedral, East Berlin's Marienkirche. In 1957, after he signed an agreement with the Bonn Government on behalf of the church, providing for chaplain services to the new West German army, he was denounced by East Germany's Reds as the "NATO priest" and "atom bishop." Ultimately, he was barred from East Berlin.

Dibelius' objection to Nazism and Communism was mainly theological rather than political: both ideologies, he believed, subverted the Christian faith. An ecumenical pioneer who helped found the World Council of Churches, Dibelius was devoutly evangelical as well as Evangelical. In his sermons he preached his conviction that the Gospel was genuinely God's everlasting, ever-valid word to man. "Lord My God," he wrote in his autobiography, "Your word preserved me from skepticism and contempt, those characteristics of an age alienated from God."



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MODERN LIVING

FASHION

Is Paris Burning?

For the first time since Courrèges lifted hemlines two years ago—thus ushering in the yé-yé look and youth cult that nearly blew *haute couture* as well as skirts sky-high—there was news aplenty last week from the big high-fashion houses of Paris. Out to prove that yé-yé is only so-so, 36 top designers presented new collections for spring and summer, striking out in all sorts of new directions.

Behind the scenes, there was a sense of crisis. Increasingly, big dress designers are realizing that the days when *couturiers* could focus on turning out stunning, handcrafted dresses for the wealthy few are drawing to a close; the new challenge is designing ready-to-wear fashions for the millions. Still trying to hold the line is the *Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne*, the industry's governing body set up to stop plagiarism, keep showings exclusive, and control publicity-release dates. In insurrection against the *Chambre* are growing numbers of young designers who see their future in the mass market and are willing to walk right out of official *haute couture* to reach it.

Even before the showings began, Esterel, Feraud, Lapidus and Lanvin were expelled by the *Chambre Syndicale*, and Scherrer and Heim suspended—all because they released photos of their models in advance. In the future, more designers are likely to follow suit. Explained Cardin, who has already resigned: "The *couturier* who has chosen to dress millions of women rather than 5,000 privileged ladies scattered around the world needs to have his collection talked about in order to support his ready-to-wear line."

Bloomers & Space Suits. This civil war among the pincushions did nothing to keep away 850 journalists and 550 buyers, for whom Paris is still a prime laboratory for new ideas. And they found plenty to report. Not that skirts were longer: Feraud's hemlines, for instance, ranged from three to five inches above the knee, and hardly a dress in any of the showings could be worn by a woman over 35. "All that's missing in these collections is diapers," snapped one conservative *couturier*. But on the principle that when skirts keep going up, something must come down, designer after designer rediscovered shorts, called forthrightly "*les Bermudas*." For daytime, Esterel showed shorts worn with knee socks; for evening, Madame Gres let them peek through a floor-length skirt slit to the hip like a half-peeled banana. Crayth at Lanvin blossomed forth with frilly organdy bloomers under flaring, tentlike little-girl dresses, and Castillo even



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tried an evening tunic with sheer pantaloons. Carrying exposure further, Paco Rabanne whipped up see-through dresses made of ostrich feathers and transparent plastic disks.

Cardin, who has also branched out into men's fashions, fielded his corps of boy and girl "cosmonauts" in jumpers and welders' helmets for the third season, as if to insist that they will really make it to the moon. His newest touch was wide, wide vinyl "space belts," which gird the torso from belly button to bosom bottom, zip up the back.

Africa inspired Marc Bohan's Dior collection, which included a long series of "safari suits" with patch pockets, shoulder straps and wide buckle belts and, for evening, bare-shouldered, body-hugging "houbou" sheaths in jungle prints.

Breastplates & Elephants. Not until the next to the last day did the star of the season emerge. He was Yves St. Laurent, 30, and he opened up the fashion front in all directions at once. First he brought back the Marlene Dietrich look of the 1930s with mannish, gangster-style pants suits. Considerably softer and more popular were his skirted and vested long-jacketed suits in pinstripes, worn with wide neckties and slouch hats. For his ostentatiously feminine customer, there were short, flaring dresses with demure white "Claudine" collars and cuffs. Then, for evening wear, St. Laurent followed Bohan into Africa with a theatrical vengeance wild enough to make any Watutsi woozy.

Out came the mannequins in Bambaras and "*robes des tropiques*" with bare midriffs showing seductively under long chains of wooden or glass beads. Around nearly every model's neck was a Ubangi collar, and there were yard-high hairdos over fine wire, including one spiraling braid shaped like an elephant's trunk. For fun, St. Laurent had even outfitted some dresses with pointed, wooden breastplates eight inches long that not only resemble primitive African sculpture but are guaranteed to keep the opposite sex at a distance.

The final day was reserved for André Courrèges, the man who launched the short skirt. Other designers grew rich copying Courrèges, while he sulked and nearly went broke. Now, with fresh financial backing, a new futuristic white-on-white salon, and a ready-to-wear boutique, Courrèges was showing a new line for the first time in two years.

Actually, it was mainly a remake of 1965, without the crisp skimmer hats. Mid-calf-length tennis-socks worn with flat, one-button strap shoes replaced the famous white boots. Hems were precisely where Courrèges had set them before—six inches above the knee—and he even gave up avant-garde adhesive closings for old-fashioned buttons. Having invented the line of his time, Courrèges seemed to have little more to add.

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THE THEATER

The Naked & the Damned

The *Deer Park*. Norman Mailer likes to play the judge-penitent. He is a man who castigates the flesh while enjoying the fleshpots, who hates himself the morning after for what he has done the night before. In *Deer Park*, Mailer's first full-scale dramatic effort, he uses Hollywood as his metaphor for hell. The stunning staleness of this image is equaled by an esthetic sloth that leads him to pilfer rather than plot. He picks over the bones of the Louis B. Mayer legend, among others, and the off-Broadway evening is spooned out in 88 scenes, each punctuated by a fight-

BRUCE W. STARR



TORN & TIED IN "PARK"

Confusing the bait with the fish.

ring gong. The theater lets out at 11:20 p.m., but it seems like dawn.

The flowers of evil that wilt during the long show include an ambisexual pimp (Rip Torn); a cigar-chomping studio nepotist (Mickey Knox); a studio czar (Will Lee) complete with throne, who drools piety and drips venom; "the cruelest gossip columnist in the country" (Margaret O'Neill); and a blacklisted director (Hugh Marlowe) who strips himself of the last vestments of his integrity. There are also *les girls*—girls on marquees, girls on the make (Rosemary Tory), girls on call, all emotional waifs with bed-rheumy eyes.

The story is rudimentary when it is not ludicrous, and the lines are etched in plaster of Paris. "Where, in what cemetery of the heavens do the tender words of lovers rest when they love no more?" asks the director. What interest the play has lies in Mailer's refracted attitudes. Just as Hemingway fashioned unreal women of unearthly pliancy, Mailer fashions unreal women of un-

earthly depravity. He seems to crave a slut to slander, and for his pornopuritanical invective any woman will do.

In persistently arguing that sex is the only meaningful form of dialogue between a man and a woman, Mailer confuses nature's shiny erotic bait with the gleaming fish of life. While wistfully yearning for the harmony of the sexes, he willfully denies the coexistence of agape and Eros. The final pathos of his characters is that they feel next to nothing. In the friction of two skins, they vainly seek to warm their hearts. It is rather a pity that, having chosen to express his nausea at the moral ethos of today's inhuman being, Norman Mailer can counter with nothing more cogent than the sentiments of a *Playboy* philosopher.

Blood Pudding

Beech, by Rochelle Owens. Whether bright or dim, there are more lights in the theatrical firmament than those that gleam on the marquees on Broadway or off. Last week Philadelphia was host to a new drama of serious intent. As the playgoer enters the Theater of the Living Arts, he hears a soundtrack from nature as raucous and insidious as the din of city traffic. Cockatoos screech and hippopotamuses snort. Over the stage stretch tangled plastic vines. On the walls are murky film blowups of lions, elephants and monkeys. A combination of bamboo palace and automobile graveyard, the set is a raked topography of danger, containing in one scene a Daliesque montage of severed human legs.

Savage is as savage seems, for this is a play in one of drama's contemporary styles, "the theater of cruelty." *Beech* (pronounced Bek-lek) is tizzy, occasionally shallow and boring, but it is also a gory blood pudding of a play oozing violence.

The plot is silly-surreal. A white U.S. she wolf named *Beech* (Sharon Gans) becomes the vampire queen of an African tribe. She is a voracious, paganly sadistic earth mother; her husband (Jerome Dempsey) is an earthworm. To secure her rise to power, she coaxes him into contracting elephantiasis, which the natives regard as a symbol of regal divinity. He is a king in name and pain only, as she promptly betrays him with a kind of virility totem, a bare-torsoed American from Marbrando country. Deserted by this lover at play's end, the white queen faces beheading by the tribe.

In her first full-length stage work, Playwright Owens, a 30-year-old Manhattan housewife, seesaws insecurely between the scenic jungle onstage and the psychic jungle in 20th century man. Apparently beginning as a psychological probe of modern woman's instinct for the male jocular, *Beech* ends as a form of social parable on black Africa's ex-

pulsion of cruel, exploiting whites. Literally scatological in its language, the play uses four-letter words as fashionable credentials. They seem to show that the author can spit the raw verbal gristle of experience at the audience coolly, and strictly for laughs.

Much of what happens is strictly not for laughs. *Beech* clouts a small boy to death in the anguished presence of the child's mother. She decapitates a young goat, and gnaws on the animal's entrails with her lips dripping blood. All this is meant to confound, amaze, and dismay, to dramatize the central dictum of Antonin Artaud, the French pioneer of this type of theater who said: "Everything that acts is a cruelty."

Despite *Beech's* dramatic flaws, the

GEORGE DE VINCENT



DEMPSEY IN "BEECH"

Reigning only in name and pain.

evening thrums with dithyrambic vitality whenever the Afro-American Dance Ensemble takes over the stage. Much of the sensual intensity generated by the play stems from Andre Gregory's flamboyant direction, which not only teases but strips. A Negro-white twosome sweatily mimic copulation in the theater aisle, and some of the African maidens could pass for topless in their transparent flesh-tinted bras.

Presented for a limited run, *Beech* was violently opposed by some of the theater's board of trustees. If this kind of play remained in the repertory, wrote two lady trustees, the theater would shortly be filled only with "junkies, delinquents, potential suicides and some college kids." Possibly. On the other hand, while *Beech* is undoubtedly abrasive, many a first play of the past has made its name as much by the playgoers it has driven out of the theater as by those it lured in.



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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Renaissance in Athens

How do you take a relatively sleepy, minor public university and put it on the map? Various college presidents have found their own way, but one of the most successful answers is now emerging in Ohio.

The state's academic map has long been dominated by such small private colleges as Antioch, Kenyon and Oberlin, rather than by the state's public universities. Except in football, huge Ohio State (37,000 full-time students) has seldom set the pace among its fellow Big Ten schools. Currently, something of the small colleges' quality and style is being achieved by State's little-known sister school, Ohio University, in the Appalachian town of Athens (pop. 4,700).

Status Symbol. The renaissance in Athens is largely the work of President Vernon Alden, 43, who has brought about such rapid growth that he now actually worries about his university's becoming "massive, monolithic and impersonal." That worry, of course, is today's major academic status symbol.

During Alden's five-year tenure, enrollment at Ohio U. has nearly doubled (to 15,000), more than \$28 million worth of buildings have gone up, and an ambitious \$205 million fund drive has begun. Alden has also enlivened the faculty by promoting outstanding teachers without regard to seniority and raising top salaries from \$13,000 to \$25,000, luring some professional stars from both State and Ohio's private colleges.

To keep Ohio on the cozy-side, Alden has turned to a solution that other

universities have found satisfactory—dividing the large campus into small, college-like areas. Ohio U. has also created six smaller satellite campuses in nearby towns, with a prospective total enrollment of 22,000.

In order to stay in touch with his students, Alden holds twice-monthly breakfasts with them and semiannual conferences at which they can grill him on any topic they wish. He also plans to spend occasional nights in the dorms. Alden often shucks his glasses and joins students in a pickup basketball game on the court behind the presidential house. His kind of enthusiasm spreads to his staff. At many universities, says Fine Arts Dean Jack Morrison, things "slow down at the top—but that's where things begin to swing around here."

It is Alden's goal to "shape a university that's in touch with the real world." He has brought an impressive list of guest speakers to the campus, ranging from President Johnson, who spoke there on a war-on-poverty tour in May 1964, to the late Protestant theologian Paul Tillich. The university's select "Ohio Fellows," 30 members of each class chosen for their potential as future public leaders, have been able to quiz such officials as Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Alden has also defended the right of U.S. Nazi Leader George Lincoln Rockwell to be heard on campus, as well as the right of students to protest the Viet Nam war. His personal view, however, is that "I'm not much impressed by gestures—any darn fool can lie down in front of my office."

Like most self-respecting university

presidents these days, Alden is active far beyond the campus. He headed the presidential task force that set up the federal Job Corps, has created an unusual service-oriented arm of the university, the Institute for Regional Development, to mesh with federal programs combatting poverty in Appalachia. Far beyond its region, Ohio U. has 19 professors training teachers in Nigeria, another 20 working on U.S. aid projects there, eleven performing similar chores in South Viet Nam.

Case Histories. The son of a Congregational preacher, Chicago-born Alden is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Brown, where he returned to help run its admissions office after World War II. As associate dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration at Harvard from 1957 to 1961, Alden conducted a kind of clinic for university administrators, using case histories of actual administrative dilemmas as his teaching tool.

He is something of an evangelist for the role of the university in U.S. society. In the church, he says, "too many men of the cloth are becoming disenchanted." In government, "the politician is too engrossed in next year's budget." That leaves "only the universities as institutions that permit you to take a long look ahead." So long as Alden stays, Ohio U. will scarcely be allowed to look back.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

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the cause. As the rate of illegitimate births among teen-agers continues to rise despite the easy availability of contraceptives, school officials are coming to realize that dismissal from class is neither a humane nor a sensible solution to the problems of pregnant girls. More and more urban school systems are setting up educational centers where the girls can keep up their regular classwork while they are preparing for motherhood.

What these girls need and want most, contends Mrs. Julia Stern, director of such a four-year-old program in Boston, is to go to school—"but no one seemed to realize that before." New York City's superintendent of schools, Bernard Donovan, is seeking \$300,000 to open two centers for pregnant schoolgirls next year. Detroit created two such centers last year, hopes to start a third soon. Kansas City is planning a pregnancy center, while Los Angeles already has six.

Serious Problem. A three-year pilot program in Chicago developed into a permanent "Family Living Center" last year, is expanding two more locations this year and, as one official puts it, "Even our waiting list has a waiting list." Most of the centers serve areas with a high Negro school population, although teen-age pregnancy is certainly not confined to Negro neighborhoods, and is a serious problem in white society as well.

The centers offer relatively small classes—Chicago, for example, has an average of twelve. Most cities provide counseling services by social workers and psychologists, prenatal and postnatal health advice. Washington's three-year-old Webster School goes so far as to provide special courses on "Values of Family Life," "Biological Aspects of Birth" and "Marriage and Its Economic Advantages."

The teachers try to ease the girls'

anxieties and correct their misunderstandings about pregnancy. One Detroit girl, for example, had been told by her mother that someone must die for everyone who is born—and believed it when her father died just before she gave birth to her baby. The center specialists also shun moralizing. "We do not condone the pregnancy," says Chicago Teacher Sarah Jackson, "but we try to give the girls a feeling of human dignity."

The centers try to convince the girls that motherhood does not mean the end of their earlier ambitions, and many respond surprisingly well to academic courses that they had ignored before. In Los Angeles, for example, students at the centers generally do better in their classwork than they did in high school.

Somebody to Love. While most white girls place their babies for adoption, Negroes usually keep theirs, not only because of adoption difficulties but because, as one Los Angeles girl put it, "now I'll have somebody to love." Both white and Negro girls who have been aided by the centers are far more inclined to return to school than those who have not. At a four-year-old center in Oakland, Calif., for example, 94% of the students have continued their studies after childbirth.

The girls aided by the centers tend to develop a cooler and more mature attitude toward boys. Says one girl in Washington's Webster School: "I'll ask my boy friend what his plans are for the baby and me, and if he doesn't have any, it's goodbye, Roger." Whether or not a girl does marry the child's father—and relatively few do—she seems to emerge with a sounder sense of values, a conviction that the shame of unwed pregnancy is not the end of life. As one girl told center officials in Detroit: "My mistake is in the past, and that is where I will leave it."



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THE LAW

CIVIL LIBERTIES

The Draft May Not Be Used To Silence Dissent

To protest U.S. policy in Viet Nam, 16 draft-deferred University of Michigan students took part in a sit-in at the Ann Arbor draft board in 1965. Reaction came swiftly. With the blessing of U.S. Draft Director Lewis B. Hershey, all 16 students were reclassified I-A. That seemed to be that. Draft boards have considerable discretion, especially over student deferments. A draft registrant has no right to counsel when he appears before his local board; he can appeal his classification to higher boards, but not to federal courts.

Once inducted, he can seek habeas

corpus, or he can refuse to report and try for acquittal on the resulting criminal charges. In short, the draft is so hard to challenge that dissenters may prefer to keep quiet rather than risk reprisal. For precisely that reason, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit (New York, Vermont, Connecticut) agreed to rule last week in a case involving two of the Michigan students, Richard Shortt, 22, and Peter Wolff, 29, both from New York City.

First Amendment. After their sit-in, according to their home draft boards, Shortt and Wolff could be reclassified I-A because by impeding the work of the Ann Arbor board, they had committed a federal crime (\$10,000 fine, five years' imprisonment). In effect, without a court trial or even an indictment, the New York boards "convicted" the students and then meted out the "sentences" of mandatory induction. Since only courts can convict for crimes, Shortt and Wolff asked U.S. District Judge Edward C. McLean to void the draft orders for lack of due process and patent violation of their First Amend-

ment rights of free speech, assembly and petition. McLean refused, ruling that the students had neither "exhausted their administrative remedies" (appeals to higher boards) nor proved any "irreparable injury" to themselves. Until they were actually drafted, he said, they had no "justifiable controversy" that a federal court could or should resolve. Speaking for the appellate court last week, Circuit Judge Harold R. Medina flatly reversed District Judge McLean. To be sure, said Medina, federal courts are "extremely reluctant" to interfere with draft boards, even when they exceed their powers as clearly as they did in the case of Shortt and Wolff. But free speech must take precedence over non-intervention, said Medina. "Here, it is the

Judge McLean to enjoin the reclassification of Demonstrators Shortt and Wolff, provided they can meet the federal-law requirement and prove injury of more than \$10,000. The effect is to bar the draft as a weapon against dissent. It is, of course, still a crime to evade the draft, Medina explained. But the First Amendment forbids draft boards to "punish these students by reclassifying them I-A because they protested as they did over the Government's involvement in Viet Nam."

LAWYERS

The Winning Loser

Every first-rate criminal lawyer has a consuming passion: to get his client acquitted. It is a passion that troubles many Americans. If the accused seems to be an obvious crook, how can any honest lawyer fight for his freedom?

None provides a better answer to that question than Edward Bennett Williams, 46, the country's top criminal lawyer. Williams has passionately defended ex-Teamster Boss Dave Beck, Bernard Goldfine and Adam Clayton Powell, to say nothing of assorted Communists, spies and murderers. Williams helped Jimmy Hoffa beat a bribery rap, got Tax Evader Frank Costello out of prison, opened the mails to the peep-hole magazine *Confidential*. Happily for moralists, he is also a loser on occasion: he failed to foil Senate censure of the late Joe McCarthy, and last week he lost the case of Bobby Baker, who was found guilty of, among other things, pocketing \$99,600 that California savings-and-loan bankers had handed him as Senate campaign "contributions" (TIME, Feb. 3).

Crucible Test. Disheartened as he was to hear the jury declare Baker a thief, tax evader and conspirator, Williams could not—and did not—complain. The trial confirmed the very creed that drives and goads him. "The Sixth Amendment gave every accused the right to have the assistance of counsel for his defense," says Williams. "The framers did not say every accused except gamblers, thieves and robbers."

The evidence, continues Williams, must be "tested in the crucible of cross-examination." While the accused may not lie, "he is entitled to sit silent and force the proof of guilt." To Williams, guilt is a legal rather than a moral concept: "If you should one day find yourself accused of crime, you would expect your lawyer to raise every defense authorized by the law of the land. Even if you were guilty, you would expect your lawyer to make sure that the Government did not secure your conviction by unlawful means."

Self-compelled to make painstaking preparations, Williams typically slept only four hours a night during the Baker trial. In the courtroom, he is in complete control. He has a computer memory for the remotest dates and details; his material is so well organized that docu-



RICHARD SHORTT



PETER WOLFF



JUDGE MEDINA

Free speech must take precedence over nonintervention.

Free expression of views on issues of critical current national importance that is jeopardized. On such topics, perhaps more than any other, it is imperative that the public debate be full and that each segment of our society be permitted freely to express its views."

Nowhere Appeals. In justifying his rare intervention into draft-board affairs, Medina pointed out that no draft law specifies what kind of protest may cause reclassification. Having no lawful standard of conduct, he said, demonstrators face an unconstitutional threat—shut up or risk being drafted. Moreover, added Medina, "no purpose would be served by relegating appellants to their administrative remedies." Unlike Shortt and Wolff, six other Michigan demonstrators appealed to higher draft boards—and got nowhere.

Medina's opinion virtually commands that they are now suing in a District of Columbia federal court, which is not bound by the Second Circuit decision but will have to consider it. None of the Michigan draft-board demonstrators (or apparently any others) have yet been drafted.

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WILLIAMS & BAKER (CLOSE BEHIND) LEAVING COURT
A creed confirmed.

ments flash into his hands like a magician's rabbits. His hair wavy, his calm buttoned down, he cross-examines hostile witnesses with utter courtesy; he seems never to be trying to trip them up, only to help the jury get things straight. He shuns anger: "It's not a useful emotion." Yet in summing up, he pulls all emotional stops; his rhetoric sweeps and soars. Williams is inevitably compared with F. Lee Bailey, a more recently risen criminal lawyer. The main difference between them lies in the cases they handle. Bailey specializes in violence-tinged sensation involving such up-from-nowhere types as Dr. Samuel Sheppard, Carl Coppolino and the Boston Strangler. Williams is more the seeker of equal justice for well-known but scandal-haunted clients.

Deceased Profession. Unlike many civil-libertarians, Williams acquired his lofty ideals in courtrooms rather than classrooms. The son of a Hartford department-store floorwalker, he helped support his family as a filling-station attendant. A flawless student, he was awarded a scholarship to Holy Cross and graduated *summa cum laude* in 1941. Because he hurt his back in a plane crash, Williams was medically discharged by the wartime Army Air Corps after two years, went on to Georgetown Law School. By 1945 he was working for a big Washington firm. Although criminal law was then considered *déclassé*, Williams willingly switched to it in 1949 and opened his own firm, which now includes 14 lawyers.

Williams first made major news in 1953 by winning the first successful libel suit against Columnist Drew Pearson (\$50,000 for former Assistant At-

torney General Norman Littell). As his reputation grew, he constantly upbraided the Government for stooping to seamy means in order to conquer seamy defendants. He sprang Costello by showing that the U.S. prosecutor had secretly scanned the tax returns of 150 venemen to get a "gold-plated" jury in the gambler's tax trial. In the 1956 perjury trial of ex-OSS Lieutenant Aldo Icardi, who told a congressional subcommittee that he had not murdered his commander in Italy, Williams succeeded by arguing that the committee had exceeded its powers by questioning Icardi solely in order to create the prosecution case.

Friendly Enemy. Some skeptics regard Williams' civil-libertarianism as a mere tool for winning juries and influencing judges. His admirers, on the other hand, laud him as a "guardian at the gate" of constitutional rights. Whatever the truth, the result earns Williams more than \$200,000 a year and involves him in such diverse roles as president of the Washington Redskins football team, adviser to the American Civil Liberties Union, and general counsel of the Teamsters Union (though he no longer acts as the personal attorney of Jimmy Hoffa). He has a lawyer wife, seven children and a handsome home in Maryland's suburban Tulip Hill.

At the Baker trial, it was a tribute to Williams' abilities that his 21-hour summation virtually mesmerized judge and jury—and yet the trial "crucible," in which he so firmly believes, condemned his client. The winner in the Baker trial, U.S. Prosecutor William O. Bittman, is a Williams fan too. Says Bittman: "If Bobby Baker had come to see me with the same facts he put before Edward Bennett Williams, I'm sure I would have fought just as hard—maybe not as well."

PUBLIC SAFETY

How Can a Girl Defend Herself?

Pub-crawling his way around Manhattan one evening last May, a burly Bronx meter reader named Steve Callinan dropped into a bistrot and spotted Raven Novie, 21, a statuesque blonde receptionist who was dining with her equally fetching cousin. "Wannadrink, girls?" Callinan pressed. When they rebuffed him, Raven said, he spewed assorted four-letter words; the manager ordered him away, and he retreated to the bar. As the girls were leaving, Raven claimed, Callinan threatened her with fists as well as words.

Apparently frightened, Raven took out a pen-shaped tear-gas gun, squirted Callinan in the left eye and ran—hotly pursued by two off-duty Brooklyn policemen who were also drinking at the bar. Not only was she unaware that her pursuers were cops, she said, but they beat her up on the street—a story coldly denied by the police on the stand, warmly supported by her cousin in the press. Whatever the facts in the matter, Raven was charged with third-degree assault,

violation of New York's stiff Sullivan weapons law, and unlawful possession of the tear-gas pen. Possible sentence: up to six years.

No Water Pistols. Like other big cities, New York has long debated what legal weapons can keep a girl safe from robbers, mashers and muggers. New York forbids all unlicensed concealed weapons, with the possible exception of hatpins. Thus, in 1964, citizens were appalled at the fate of Arlene Del Fava, a secretary who faced seven years' imprisonment because she used a switchblade knife to fight off a suspected rapist on the street at night. She escaped prosecution only because a sympathetic grand jury refused to indict her. Though tear-gas pens are legal in most states, the notable exceptions include New York, Illinois and California, which contain the nation's largest, unsafest cities. New York City even bans water pistols loaded with an eye-stinging chemical like ammonia. Ironically, there is nothing to prevent the purchase of rifles by mail or even at the nearest sporting-goods store.

Many lawyers would argue that Raven herself had a good assault case against Callinan, whether or not he touched her. But by a vote of 2 to 1, a three-judge city criminal court without a jury convicted her on all charges. Last week she received a suspended sentence, on grounds of her "generally favorable" probation report and the assumption that she "acted in panic." But the prosecution had unquestionably made its point. "A lot of people didn't know tear-gas guns are illegal," explained Prosecutor Jeffrey Atlas. "Well, they know now." Unfortunately for Raven Novie, the lesson also includes a permanent criminal record.



RAVEN NOVIE AFTER ARREST
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The Happy Scramblers

You're a bitchy witch, says he. You're a sniveling coward, says she. Oh yeah, says he, mind your lip or I'll button it permanently. Ha!, says she, you're not man enough.

Or so, in a free translation of the German, it sounded when Walter Berry and his wife Christa Ludwig went at it again last week, snapping and snarling at each other for everyone to hear. And those who did were delighted, for as the villainous Telramund and Ortrud in the Metropolitan Opera's new production of *Lohengrin*, their domestic-quarrel scene was an electric charge in an otherwise static drama. They did not merely rant and rage; they insinuated, they needed, they enticed. Both marvelous singer-actors, they bent and shaded their voices in a seemingly infinite variety of veiled sneers, smiling threats and choked curses. In duets, Ludwig's vibrant, richly textured mezzo-soprano enfolded Berry's robust, securely focused baritone like velvet over steel. A blend of poetry and power, their singing was eloquent proof that strife can be beautiful.

Walk-Off Roles. Berry and Ludwig have been scrapping at the Met for the past four months, beginning with *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, in which she was a shrewish wife trying to browbeat her husband into submission. Their portrayal achieved such success (*TIME*, Oct. 14) that, ever since, the Berrys have been the absolute berries with Met audiences and one of the most popular singing teams ever to command the Met stage.

They are also one of the very few successful married couples in opera.

Destiny, they feel, had a hand in it. Berry, 36, an alumnus of the famed Vienna Boys Choir, studied engineering after World War II, moonlighted as a jazz pianist and singer in a Vienna cabaret with a combo called the Melodie Boys. He was hopelessly inept at engineering, so his professor agreed to pass him only if he promised to give up bridge building for music. He agreed, and after three years of singing what he calls "walk-off" roles, he landed his first major part at the Vienna State Opera in 1953.

Christa Ludwig, 32, daughter of German Tenor Anton Ludwig, also prepped as a cabaret singer during the hungry days after World War II, worked on the side as a seamstress (one of her more dubious creations: a red, white and black frock made out of an old Nazi flag). Her mezzo-soprano mother advised her "not to fall in love in a small opera house because then you may have to leave him behind when you go to a big house." Dutifully, Ludwig poured her heart into her art for nine years, finally graduated to the Vienna State Opera in 1955. It was a big house and she had big eyes for Berry, whom she met onstage during a 1957 performance of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*. Their own marriage took place seven months later.

Angry Gods. In a twist on the temperamental tenors and sopranos who war offstage and woo onstage, the Berrys in private life seem like a hand-holding coosmen. Though the profession is land-mined with problems for married singers, they have made a go of it because their careers progressed at the same pace. Today, they shuttle between Vienna, New York and their home in Lucerne (both are Swiss citi-



LUDWIG & BERRY BACKSTAGE AT THE MET
Strife can be beautiful.

zens) with their eight-year-old son Wolfgang, Christa's mother, a cook, a secretary and 27 pieces of luggage. They pick and choose their roles so that they can spend most of the year singing together at various opera houses. Wherever they are, they stake out "Christa's room" and "Walter's room" for private practice sessions; visits are allowed only for instant critiques. "We know each other's voices so well," says Christa, "that we can say 'Bad!', 'Good!', 'Too high!', 'Too low!' Our voices go together. We are like two married people who are beginning to look alike."

Last week the battling Berrys left Manhattan for their annual hitch at the Vienna State Opera. Met audiences consoled themselves with the knowledge that the couple will be back on stage next season in a new production of Wagner's *Die Walküre*, which calls for them to square off and fight it out as a pair of unhappily married gods.

COMPOSERS

Flashes of a Mad Logic

Among composers of electronic music, there is none so mystical and dedicated as Germany's Karlheinz Stockhausen. He talks about "expanded sense of time" and "sound-visions," and when he sees a sumo wrestling match in Japan, he flips because "the prolonged preparation and then the quick violent act" have a profound impact on his music. For the moment, the sounds that come out of his tape recorder put Stockhausen, 38, out in front of the avant-garde by several thousand volts.

In San Francisco last week, modernists and would-be modernists took over the Opera House, heard Stockhausen himself present four of his compositions. Many in the audience applauded respectfully, while a few pulled the plug and walked out.

Command Post. An early work, *Zyklus* (1955), was relatively baroque and totally unelectrical. A lone musician, encircled by 40 pieces of percussive hardware, moved busily among them, making light, tinkling noises and harsh rasps and thumps. The score, which was mounted on a revolving ring, allowed the musician to begin where he pleased; when he came full circle, the piece was over. Two other works were played on a tape recorder that Stockhausen himself operated from his command post in the tenth row, modulating and ricocheting the sound among four huge speakers mounted in the auditorium.

In *Mikrophonie I*, all hell broke loose: sounds resembling runaway trains, breaking glass, blasts of hot steam, log-horns and whooshing jets flashed, crashed and faded like movements in some psychedelic symphony. The effects were achieved by two men who rubbed, scratched and bashed a gong with sticks, stones, brushes and mallets, while two other roving performers picked up the sounds with hand micro-



STOCKHAUSEN AT WORK
Often infuriating, rarely boring.

phones and fed them into filters, where further distortions were added.

Another composition, *Momente*, featured an orchestra plus chorus and soloist who, among other things, snapped their fingers, scraped their feet, giggled and whispered lovingly (Stockhausen confesses that he was in love when he wrote the piece). One musician poked a gong with drumsticks while another "played" the organ with the palms and backs of his hands. Stockhausen declared that *Momente* was still unfinished and, to the dismay of some listeners in the audience, added that "some day it will be played all evening."

Surprise Momentum. Not everyone gets a charge out of Stockhausen's electro-innovations. But the upper echelons of electronic composers, which include America's Vladimir Ussachevsky and Milton Babbitt, consider him the most inventive. French Composer Pierre Boulez, who is himself pretty handy with a modulator, says flatly that "Stockhausen is the greatest living composer, and the only one whom I recognize as my peer." Stockhausen tends to agree. Aggressively indifferent to criticism, he is interested only in exploring every corner of the aural landscape. He has completely done away with traditional music forms, conceives his works instead in terms of "moments" or time lapses that are carefully structured but follow no conventional rhythmic pattern.

Yet, for all the bizarre effects, his compositions have flashes of a kind of mad logic. Sometimes insane, often infuriating but rarely boring, Stockhausen's music is not, as many conclude on first hearing, the work of a prankster. He often composes twelve hours a day. "I want to be able to bring sounds from every surface area of the room," he says. "Why not loudspeakers on swings overhead, or a completely globular room with loudspeakers blanketing the walls and the listeners on a platform suspended in the center?" As far as some concertgoers are concerned, a better idea would be to suspend the composer.

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ART

SCULPTURE

Presences in the Park

In the opinion of Samuel Adams Green, 26, director of Philadelphia's Institute of Contemporary Art, the trouble with most city park officials is that "they don't know a damn thing about contemporary art. They go around buying safe, conservative Moores, Baskins and Calderes. They don't realize there are plenty of lively new people working in outdoor materials and outdoor scales." In the interest of public enlightenment, Green has now set up a month-long outdoor

enum. Six months ago, only two of Smith's pieces had ever been shown publicly. Today he is billed as one of the most significant "new" sculptors, a vigorous exponent of cool geometry, known variously as "primary structures" or "minimal art."

Abstract Rage. Smith is good-naturedly modest about his works, which look like nothing so much as giant piles of children's blocks jumbled together. With a Fenian twinkle in his eye, he says that he doesn't even think of his works as sculpture at all. They are merely exercises in basic design, similar to those that he requires from his stu-

ous coarseness of what he considers an "almost obscene flower." *Willie*, a spiky, tilted, angular beast with three legs and no head, was meant to be "an ugly, hostile thing slithering around on the floor"; it was titled by a fellow sculptor in honor of the groveling husband in Samuel Beckett's play *Happy Days*. Not all of Smith's imagery is negative. One of his works is a simple 10-ft.-high, well-proportioned arch that invites the viewer to pass through. "It is like a threshold," says Smith. "My friends say it looks sort of soft and tender, but, to me, at the same time it also looks the least bit rough and harsh." Aptly enough, it is titled *Marriage*.

EXHIBITIONS

A Trove Come True

There used to be lots of gold in them thar hulls. Over the centuries, Spain exacted an estimated \$8 billion in tribute from its New World colonies, and probably \$1 billion of that was hijacked by pirates on the high seas or sank beneath the waves during storms. These lost riches still haunt the imagination, and to addicts no space-age adventure is as exciting as the search for sunken treasure. Exciting and occasionally profitable. An engrossing sampling of one briny trove, the salvage of an armada wrecked in the 18th century off Florida, was put up for auction last week in Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries (see *color*). The loot brought some \$227,450.

Staid Parke-Bernet was so captivated by its romantic consignment that for a month preceding the auction the gallery staged a \$100,000 exhibit around it, including a hurricane room with simulated thunder and lightning and a reconstructed captain's cabin with an open chest of gold coins and a live macaw. Handsome though it was, the display merely hinted at the real splendor of the original hoard. The Silver Plate fleet, commanded by Captain General Don Juan Estéban de Ubiña, bore silver and gold worth today's equivalent of about \$14 million, together with Chinese silk and porcelain and a sumptuous set of jewelry intended for the bride of Spain's King Philip V.

Full Fathom Five. On July 31, 1715, while the fleet's nine merchant galleons and two men-of-war sailed northeast in a stately procession along the Gulf Stream from Havana, an early hurricane bashed them with 100-m.p.h. winds against Florida's offshore reefs, between 30 and 50 miles south of what is now Cape Kennedy. Only one galleon survived. Captain Ubiña and more than 1,000 of his men drowned. The battered remains of the ships' hulls sank in 30 feet of murky water. Spanish recovery crews, pirates and poachers, hampered by deceitful currents, sharks, barracuda, moray eels and needle-sharp coral, recovered only \$6,000,000 worth of the cargo.

A full five fathoms the treasure lay for the next 250 years. In 1949, a Sebastian, Fla., contractor named Kip



TONY SMITH & "WILLIE"
Nothing to Experience.

show of 15 gigantic sculptures by ten relative unknowns in Philadelphia's public parks and plazas. Four were done by Tony Smith, 54, a New Jersey design instructor and architect.

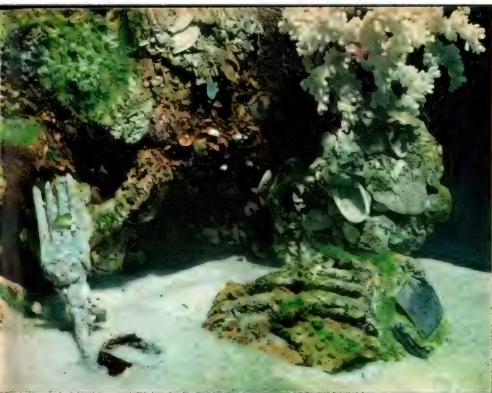
A similar thought struck New York's art- and fun-loving Parks Commissioner Thomas Hoving, who takes up his new job as head of the Metropolitan Museum of Art next April. Last week, at Hoving's request, the threadbare lawn of Manhattan's small Bryant Park behind the Public Library blossomed forth with a temporary display of eight large-scale (10 ft. to 16 ft. high) examples of Smith's stark black architectonic art. It is not the artist's first case of double exposure. Last December, he was given simultaneous one-man exhibitions—indoors by Philadelphia's I.C.A. and outdoors by Hartford's Wadsworth Ath-

letens at Manhattan's Hunter College. He built each piece originally in tiny paper tetrahedrons, octahedrons or dodecahedrons. After that, friends constructed the full-scale mock-ups in plywood and painted them with automobile undercoating (only three have been cast in steel). The results, Smith feels, should be called simply "presences."

Massive and abstract, the looming presences are far from neutral. Smith says: "I think of my things as being stable, down-to-earth, ordinary in a sense. I don't want them to be 'An Experience.'" But he is willing to play the game of associating them with experiences. The 6-ft. steel cube known as *Die*, he explains, can refer to a matrix or mold, but it is also an imperative. In fact, he built it after having been injured in an auto accident, partly to express his rage with the world.

Gates of Marriage. Beauty has no important place in Tony Smith's hierarchy of esthetic values. *Amaryllis* was so named because the top-heavy form made by connecting octahedrons and tetrahedrons reminded him of the bulb-

His successor, announced by Mayor John Lindsay last week, will be Manhattan's August Heckscher, 53, all-purpose esthete and intellectual. Special Consultant on the Arts to both Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy, and currently the director of the Twentieth Century Fund.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT A. CRANDALL

Underwater view of Spanish treasure shows shell-encrusted fork and pieces of eight as they lay for 250 years in the sands off Florida coast.



Captain general's whistle, which still blows, was made in form of a dragon in China, dangles from an 11-ft. chain of gold links. Such rare devices, often jettisoned if capture imminent, were emblems of office for Spain's commanders.

This 33-in. silver crucifix, probably worn by a ship's officer, was found by divers on the sea bottom firmly clutched by a scallop shell.



Porcelain traveled from China to Manila, then to Mexico and overland by pack mule before it boarded ill-fated Silver Plate fleet. Despite long trip, K'ang Hsi cups survived wreck in perfect condition.



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OLDSMOBILE



Wagner began to collect the blackened silver coins that occasionally washed ashore. None of them, he noted, were dated later than 1715. Wagner began ransacking libraries for data on the 1715 catastrophe. He managed to obtain 3,000 feet of microfilmed documents from Seville archives, found details of the Silver Plate fleet's cargo manifestoes plus testimony from the official investigation of the wreck.

10-lb. Ingots. In 1961, Wagner and a syndicate of seven friends, called Real Eight Co., Inc., took out a salvage search lease with the State of Florida (in return, the state gets 25% of their take). First underwater teams located, with the aid of magnetometers, two wreck sites, marked only by piles of the original ballast stones and cannon (the

PHOTO BY JACKSON



REAL EIGHT DIVERS

And suddenly a carpet of gold.

wood hulls had long since been eaten away). The teams shoved the 50-lb. stones aside and cleared away loose sand with a hydraulic blaster.

Their most spectacular find occurred on May 30, 1965, when the blaster uncovered an area that was, as Wagner put it, "a solid carpet of gold." The coins were lying two and three deep and some were even stacked in piles. All told, in seven summers of diving, the treasure hunters recovered an estimated \$3,000,000 worth of jewelry, pottery, artifacts, navigational gear, silver and gold—some of the gold ingots weighing 9 and 10 lbs. apiece. Nor has the gold lost its luster. Last week collectors were happy to pay up to \$9,000 for a single gold coin, bid \$4,675 for the ten porcelain tea bowls and cups. Top price of \$50,000 went to Captain General Ubilla's whistle, with its 2,176-link chain. Given such prices, the Real Eight are not stopping now. Not with eight wrecks yet to be investigated and the Queen's jewels still to be found.

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IN "GOLDIGGERS" (1933)



IN "SWEETHEARTS" (1933)



WITH ASTAIRE IN "CAREFREE" (1938)



AS DOLLY

"It ain't really me up there. Just images, lights and shadows. Me's here."

MOVIES

Ginger Peachy

Is Ginger Rogers ready for the museum? Well—yes and no. At 55, she is still a star, hoofing and pulling her way through *Hello, Dolly!* on Broadway at well over \$3,000 a week. On the other hand, she has made more films than Cary Grant and has been a star for almost four decades. So it seemed appropriate last week when Manhattan's Gallery of Modern Art awarded her a "Tribute"—a film festival of her finest hour-and-a-halfs—even though such honors are usually reserved for the likes of Garbo, Chaplin or yesterday's avant-garde directors. Ginger Rogers was happy for the attention, but she was aware of the anachronism. After viewing the mélange, she sighed, "It ain't really me up there. Just images, lights and shadows. Me's here."

Still, those lights and shadows illuminate more than a career. They shed some flickering light on the America of the '30s and '40s, when Hollywood had real home-grown stars and made musical comedies with music and comedy.

Cynical/Rabbinical. To watch the twelve features in the series is to watch Hollywood at its brilliant best and its wildest worst. Her earliest appearance is in *Office Blues* at 19, when, in spit curls and bee-stung lips, she boop-a-doops: "I hate to urge a man but he acts like a clergyman... I'm so cynical—He's rabbinical..."

As real life gets worse, the movies get better. Europe may be preparing for the holocaust, and depression is corroding America, but in the hermetically sealed universe of the studios, everything is Ginger peachy. Rogers appears dressed entirely in coins, chanting cheerfully, *We're in the Money*. In the background, inevitably, preposterously, are the chorines drilled by Busby Berkeley, a choreographer whose work would now be called high camp. In a kaleidoscopic display of bangles and

SHOW BUSINESS

hosoms, they articulate 300 legs in unison, like a spangled centipede. With Fred Astaire, Ginger begins a cycle that lasts 16 years—from *Flying Down to Rio* to *The Barkleys of Broadway*. The routine never varies: Astaire's pumps beating an impassioned rat-a-tattoo on the shiny floor, Rogers' footwork echoing a moment later in a flippant filigree. It is the era when dancing still means moving together.

Tomatoes/Potatoes. In her house the walls, telephones and pianos are always white, the butler is always comic, and her escort perennially in top hat and tails, ready for a twirl. Love is the only problem she knows, and that is a somewhat half-witted affair, its contretemps based on misunderstandings that a TV-trained three-year-old could settle in seconds. The battle of the sexes is either mock or hittersweet; one lyric says it all: "We should be like a couple of hot tomatoes. But you're as cold as yesterday's mashed potatoes." All this is sexy only by insinuation—and thus stimulates the imagination more than crasser treatment can.

Only a handful of the festival films are nonmusicals, but they too are strictly Celluloid City. In *Kitty Foyle*, Ginger's apotheosis of the gallant American White Collar Girl won her an Oscar. In *Magnificent Doll*, she plays Dolley Madison. Forced into a role that is above her head and a script that is beneath her, she utters Dolley's immortal words to the jailed traitor Aaron Burr (David Niven): "I hope all this will make you think, Aaron."

After all those years, all those husbands (five) and all that money (more than \$1,000,000), the spit has gone out of Ginger's curls but not out of her polish. Her legs are still lyrical, and her Dolly is a delight. What with a young

Ginger on museum display and an older Ginger cavorting onstage, Rogers is the only showgirl in town who can boast of giving her audiences a true *déjà vu*.

ACTRESSES

Mrs. Pinter

"Look at me," says the actress, coolly pronouncing her lines. "I move my leg. That's all it is. But I wear [pause] underwear [pause] which moves with me [pause]. It [pause] captures your attention." It does indeed. And so does just about everything that happens in Harold Pinter's Broadway play *The Homecoming* (TIME, Jan. 13). The drama is strictly Theater of the Absurd—opaque, funny here, touching there, deeply disturbing, and in sum the most compelling show in a dreary Broadway season. What helps make it so is the actress in the moving underwear, Vivien Merchant. She also happens to be the wife of playwright Pinter and the woman who has helped make most of her husband's play come to life.

In *Homecoming* Vivien plays temptress and tigress, an enigmatic queen of the snarling jungle in her in-laws' house. Her hooded hazel eyes crinkle with bemusement, sag in boredom, flash with killing contempt or sexual electricity. Her fellow actors are all members in high standing of Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company, but it is Vivien who overpowers them all as the household whore-mother.

Breadwinner. Vivien's physical domination of the stage comes from matchless body control, the result of ballet training, which she began at the age of three with her mother, a dance teacher. She had no drama coaching except for elocution lessons to correct her Manchester accent. She met Pinter, who himself started as an actor, while touring the provinces with a Shakespearean troupe. Their marriage in 1956 gave Pinter a sure breadwinner in the house



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The light one



MERCHANT IN "HOMECOMING"
Both tigress and temptress.

and enabled him to try playwriting. Today they own a splendid five-story Georgian town house overlooking Regent's Park in London—the House the Absurd built.

At home the Pinters never talk shop, his or hers. Right now, she says, her husband "is scribbling away, but I don't know at what." She declines to discuss *The Homecoming* or any other Pinter play with outsiders. What she does discuss with her husband is anybody's guess, although it is easy to suspect that their dialogue sounds like something out of a Pinter play. Vivien will ask a simple question, such as "Where shall I put the bookcases?" Whereupon Pinter, she says, "makes a long theatrical pause," and finally announces, "Against the wall." Their common preoccupation is their nine-year-old son Daniel, who has not seen Daddy's plays but has read *Homecoming*—to what effect no one can say.

This summer, Vivien will play Lady Macbeth opposite Paul Scofield at Stratford. Films scarcely interest her. She appeared in *Alfie*, playing the frumpish, pathetic housewife who gets an abortion, and she has a role in the forthcoming Pinter adaptation of Nicholas Mosley's novel, *Accident*. But that is the limit of her movie career, because she grew tired of the endless retakes. In one scene in *Alfie*, Michael Caine is called upon to slap her. "I was hit and hit all day long," she recalls, "until by the end of the afternoon my face was swollen out to here."

Vivien also admits that directors are troublesome, especially when they try to explain characterization to her. That includes her husband, who once directed Vivien in his television play, *The Lovers*. "Never again," she says. "It was dreadful. I'm not good with him when I'm under his direction. I'm nasty and feminine."

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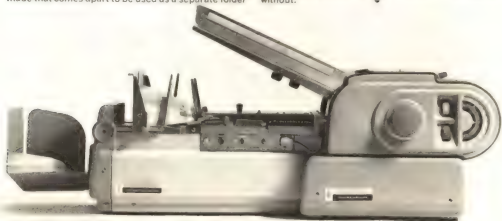
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MEDICINE

DISEASES

Viet Nam's "Time Bomb"

In every war, disease far outranks combat wounds as a cause of casualties. The situation is no different in Viet Nam, where three out of every four hospitalized U.S. soldiers are sick rather than injured. Despite the fact that American battlefield medicine is the best in history, the illness rate remains high because an Iowa-born sergeant or a Georgia-born lieutenant has developed no immunity to the indigenous diseases of Viet Nam.⁶ Worse still, there are occasional cases of disease that a U.S. trained Army doctor has never seen before.

One such mystery illness has now been isolated and identified by the Army Surgeon General's office. Known as melioidosis, it was first discovered in Southeast Asia in 1911, but it is practically brand-new to Americans. Though some of its symptoms (cough, fever, weight loss, chest pain and spotting on lung X rays) are similar to those of tuberculosis, it is an entirely unrelated illness. Caused by bacteria of the *Pseudomonas* family, which grow easily in the moist soil of Southeast Asia, melioidosis develops after invasion of the system through open wounds, the mouth or the nose. One helicopter crew chief came down with it apparently as a result of inhaling some of the mud kicked up by his whirling blades.

The noncontagious disease has been positively diagnosed in only 32 servicemen so far, but nine of them have died. And doctors fear that the worst is still to come. Melioidosis has the unpleasant ability to lie dormant in a victim for as long as six years. When it flares up, death occasionally follows within a few days or weeks. The "Vietnamese time bomb," as it has been grimly nicknamed, can be effectively treated by Chloramphenicol. The drug, which is used against typhoid, must be given in large doses for at least a month. The prolonged period is essential but not without risk of side effects (including possibly fatal anemia). Since little or no effect is noted at the beginning of treatment, the doctor must be confident enough of his diagnosis to continue the dosage.

While tropical diseases have added to the medical problems, a U.S.-South Vietnamese report finds that the number of psychiatric cases is "remarkably low for the number of troops involved." Only 1.5% of the U.S. troops have psychiatric complaints; the comparable rate

in Korea was 6.6%, World War II 10.1%. Among the reasons: combat fatigue has been drastically reduced by the sporadic nature of the fighting and by the one-year tour of duty. The incidence of psychiatric disability seems to be highest at the beginning and near the end of the tour, says one Navy doctor, who notes that some men become "obsessed about the possibility of getting hit at the very last moment."

DRUGS

Beyond LSD

The average thrill seeker, if there is such a type, may still be high on LSD. But to serious researchers, it has become as old hat as peyote and marijuana. Meeting last week at San Francisco's University of California Medical Center, 200 experts in psychiatry

faster than LSD. Made from the bark of the *epena* and *ana usita* trees, *epena* is administered through a blowpipe. The tripper puts one end of the pipe to his nostril, and a helper gives a full-lunged blast that sends the snuff deep into the nasal passages. At first reeling and retching from the impact, the snuff taker soon straightens up, begins to strut, emits an occasional laugh or yell, and slaps his thighs in self-esteem. Evidently, the Waika on *epena* experiences what the psychiatrists call *macropsia*: in his eyes everything is enormously magnified, including himself. He sees gigantic animals and birds. He feels not 10 ft. but 10,000 ft. tall, for his head is among the clouds. And after he has slept off his trip, he reports that he has talked with the *hikula*, the great spirits—although one Waika who had been to a mission school said that he had talked with the angels.

• *PARICA* is another snuff, ground and inhaled by the equally primitive Piaroa



WAIKA TRIBESMAN HAVING EPENA BLOWN INTO HIS NOSTRIL
Conversations with an angel up among the clouds.

and pharmacology concentrated instead on the many other mind-altering drugs that are far older historically but now seem new because they have yet to be thoroughly investigated.

The conference participants showed a certain sense of urgency because most of these substances are still known only to relatively primitive peoples whose cultures are being bulldozed away by developing countries. The "psychoactive" substances under study ranged from *amanita muscaria* to *yagé*, from snuffs to enemas. They extend from the Andes across Polynesia to the East Indies, from the Siberian valley of the Yenisei to Hindu Kush and the Mediterranean. Among the most discussed:

• *EPENA*, a potent snuff, is produced by the naked Waika Indians of northern Brazil—a tribe so backward that they have not yet discovered pots. But their hallucinatory snuff can induce a "trip"

Indians of southern Venezuela. It has several active ingredients, two containing substances of a type found in brain tissue and another chemically similar to "psychoenergizers." So, by centuries-old accident, the Piaroa anticipated modern psychiatrists who only recently discovered that by using several classes of drugs together, they can achieve a synergistic effect—one that is greater than the sum of the separate components. The effects of *parica* are little known; no one but the tribal medicine man is allowed to use it, and his state can only be described as one of intoxication in which he stammers confused words.

• *AYAHUASCA*, a drink made from plants by various tribes of the western Andean slopes, is essentially the same as two other psychoactive drugs, *yagé* and *caapi*. While something has been learned of its effects and composition

⁶ Figures on South Vietnamese disease casualties are not meticulous kept, but their rate is markedly lower since the soldiers have resistance to local illnesses. The Viet Cong are naturally saving nothing, but the same can be presumed true of them.

from on-the-spot studies, more may soon be learned on the University of California's Berkeley campus. For there, following its mention in William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*, yagé is now being peddled surreptitiously as "the jungle drug" or "the tiger drug." So far, those who have taken the substance have not told scientific investigators of its effects.

- **FLY AGARIC** (*amanita muscaria*) is a mushroom that sprouts across most of the northern part of Europe and Asia. R. Gordon Wasson, who tracked down the "magic mushrooms" of Mexico (TIME, June 16, 1958), suspects it of being identical with the legendary Hindu substance called *soma*, the inspiration for much of Aldous Huxley's pharmacofantasies. Fly agaric, he reported, induces two hours of deep yet semi-conscious sleep followed by three or four hours of extraordinary elation and hallucinations, while unusual physical effort becomes possible.

- **KAVA**, the ceremonial beverage of the Polynesians, is not strictly speaking hallucinogenic. But when quaffed at the end of a hard day at the copra mill, kava sends its user into a dream world of detached contemplation, leaving no hangover. It is so much a part of island life that in 1914, when Ratu Sukuna, the future head of the Fijian government, set off to study at Oxford, he could not bear the thought of leaving kava behind. He had a brew prepared of the pepper root (*Piper methysticum*), let dozens of bowls of it dry in the sun, and then carried the stuff off to England. Whenever he felt the need, he mixed a batch with water: instant kava. Now, decades later, there may soon be a kava-cola. A somewhat less potent version of the traditional grog is already the bestseller at Polynesian roadside stands.

The scientists gathered in San Francisco acknowledged that the identification and introduction of new mind-expanding drugs will inevitably provoke fringe-group experimentation—given the realities of today. "Those dated objectives of adequate food, housing and racial equality" are now within sight, observed Dr. Nathan Kline, director of research at New York's Rockland State Hospital. "The sense of great purpose and broad adventure which those goals engendered have vanished." Hence, "curiosity and action are directed inward," and drugs that "sever the tenuous ties with the outside world are highly prized." Yet, concludes Kline, "disso-ciation per se has no value."

What does have value is greater knowledge, and the researchers' interest is more than idle curiosity. Some of the substances used by primitive man should prove helpful for research into the workings of the human nervous system. By determining just how the drugs work, the psychopharmacologists hope some day to tame psychoactive drugs into predictable tools for psychiatric research and treatment.

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U.S. BUSINESS

AUTOS

Truce and Progress

A prolonged dispute between the Government and private industry came to a truce of sorts last week, when the new National Traffic Safety Agency issued its first set of federal automobile-safety standards. Acting Under Secretary of Commerce (for transportation) Lowell K. Bridwell described the 95 pages of rules and specifications as "reasonable, practicable and appropriate." The auto manufacturers, responding with a discreet public silence and a private sense of relief, seemed to agree.

The new standards, which will affect 1968 model cars, were developed from a preliminary list of 23 safety requirements issued by the safety agency chief, Dr. William Haddon Jr., early last December. At that time, Haddon invited the automakers' written comments—and got some public blasts as well. The rules, said Henry Ford, were "unreasonable, arbitrary and technically not feasible," and might even force some plants to close down. For most of last month, Detroit's experts argued their case in Haddon's Washington office. Even the State Department, sensitive to foreign charges that the standards would merely be a sly barrier against imported cars, had its men at the sessions.

Warnings & Welcome Signs. The stiff preliminary standards served as a useful starting point and a warning to Detroit that the agency meant business. But, as the negotiations went along, the automakers saw welcome signs that the agency was in no mood to go all the way with the industry's most excessive critics, either. One of Haddon's top engineering consultants, William I. Stieglitz, formerly Republic Aviation's safety-design chief, had argued so bitterly against any compromise that he began to be excluded from the sessions. Stieglitz noisily resigned last week, declaring the standards "totally inadequate" and asserting—correctly—that "my opinion was not asked on any matters." In calm reply, Haddon said that if Stieglitz had had his way, "nearly, if not all, 1968 passenger cars could not, in my best judgment, have been manufactured."

In the end, three of the original 23 proposals were dropped. Two of them, involving tire-endurance, braking and weight-supporting standards, were suspended pending further research. The third—headrests to reduce whiplash neck injuries—was put off mainly because the industry cannot as yet produce enough to equip all cars. One major concession, provided for foreign manufacturers who do not follow the U.S. model-changeover routine, was to delay the effective date of the standards four months to Jan. 1, 1968.

Fifth-Percentile Women. Still, the revised standards will be incorporated in most U.S. 1968 models when they come



SAFETY CHIEF HADDON
Progress on the inside.

out next fall. For the most part, changes from Haddon's original list (TIME, Dec. 9) were designed to meet engineering or economic practicalities. Under one preliminary requirement, for example, front-seat occupants were to have had across-the-chest shoulder harnesses along with the lap belts that all forward-facing passengers must have. Now convertibles will not have to have harnesses, since they lack the high doorposts necessary for attachment.

As a concession to Ford, which has already spent \$200 million tooling for 1968 models with turn signals 17 in. off the ground, such lights can now be set at a minimum 15 in. in height, rather than 20 in. as before. Another change involved a requirement that as a minimum, dash-panel knobs be "within operational reach of the fifth-percentile



EX-ADVISER STIEGLITZ
Noise on the outside.

female adult driver" wearing a seat belt. Detroit was flabbergasted. Chrysler, for one, said that it had scoured Public Health Service material for the lady's vital statistics, but found that no one could come up with the necessary "arm length and joint hinge" data. Somewhat at a loss himself, Haddon settled for a rule saying simply that a belted driver ought to be able to reach the controls, whatever his or her percentile.

One thing buyers of 1968 models will have to reach for is a higher price tag. Estimates are that the changes will raise car prices by \$60 to \$100. Anti-pollution devices, which become mandatory for all cars at the same time, will add another \$18 to \$50. Both auto buyers and builders may be getting off relatively easy, for now. The first list, admits Haddon, does not "go as far as safety standards will in the future."

Rambling into the Gap

In their race with ruin, the new bosses of American Motors Corp. last week decided to rev up their smallest and—nowadays—least popular car: the compact Rambler American. "Between the small imports and the nearest U.S.-built models, no American car is reaching out to the consumer," said Roy D. Chapin Jr., who became A.M.C. chairman only four weeks ago. "The Rambler is going to be driven right into the center of this gap."

By promoting the low-priced (\$2,073) Rambler—along with a separate \$3,000 splash of ads plugging the company's size and zest—American was obviously trying to regain the image of its haleyday days. Back in the '50s, then-President George Romney captured most of the U.S. market for compacts with his hoots at larger models as "gas-guzzling dinosaurs." Though American followed along with other models (Ambassador, Marlin) when car buyers' taste returned to the larger size, and even stretched the length and breadth of some Ramblers, its share of U.S. auto sales steadily slipped, from 6.4% in 1960 to a mere 3.2% last year. In fiscal 1966, A.M.C. lost \$12.6 million, and last week Chapin and new President William V. Luneburg had more bad news for their annual meeting.

With sales off 10% from a year earlier, to \$257 million, the company lost another \$8,459,917 in the first quarter of its 1967 fiscal year. For the sixth straight quarter, the directors voted to skip a dividend. To reduce inventories, American's plants will close for ten working days, the second such shutdown in two months. Having virtually exhausted a \$75 million line of credit from 24 banks the company last month arranged an additional \$20 million loan. All \$95 million is due in May, but Chapin called the loans "renewable."

Despite misfortunes Chapin managed to sound optimistic. A.M.C. has not only

pared costs by \$27 million a year but has restocked executive ranks. More product changes are under way, and there are plans to put the Rambler into racing—to bolster its sporty image. "There is no time to spare," said Chapin, "but we believe there is time enough."

AIRCRAFT

On the Line

Despite the fact that the Administration at year's end named Boeing and General Electric as the winners of the competition to build the U.S.'s first supersonic jet transport, the big bird has remained in a stall. In a bind over budget and congressional problems, President Johnson held back on funds that

crats who fear the poverty program will suffer from the SST.

Currently living on a month-to-month basis, the SST must get some \$250 million in new funds if construction is to begin this summer. And rather than see their delivery dates postponed well beyond 1974, the airlines are likely to come through with the cash. As it is, the Administration ploy is no great surprise. New Transportation Secretary Alan S. Boyd, whose department will take over the SST, was not exactly speaking *ex parte* last month when he told Senators at his confirmation hearings that "I would like to see private enterprise put up as much money as it possibly could. You know, there is a lot to be said for having your own money on the line to spur a program along."

pany has already designed the plane and built its prototype, the F-28, Fairchild Hiller's development costs will be shaved in half. In addition, the U.S. company will sell the F-28 in the Western Hemisphere, purchase such F-228 components as the tail assembly, wing segments and a shortened fuselage from the Dutch, and will use Rolls-Royce turbofan engines that have been specifically designed for the F-228. The company, as a result, hopes to keep its cost \$1,000,000 below the \$3,500,000 to \$4,000,000 price tag of competing compact jets.

Though it has yet to win a single order for the F-228, Fairchild Hiller is enthusiastic about its chances. "We could sell at least 40 of them right now if businessmen knew when and if the 7% investment tax credit would be reinstated," says James T. Dresher, general manager of the company's aircraft division. Dresher forecasts that the eventual U.S. market will be 260 to 460 planes, expects worldwide sales to reach 600 or 800 once they begin to roll off the company's production lines in 1970. And along with sales prospects among airlines, Fairchild figures that its low-cost, economically operated jet could make an attractive executive airplane for corporations.

Doubling Sales. The F-228 flies in the prop wash of Fairchild Hiller's ubiquitous C-119 Flying Boxcars and C-123 transports. Financially troubled during the late 1950s after these contracts ended, the company flew low for a few years, picked up altitude with orders for its F-27 and F-227 propjet airliners and for helicopters. In September 1965, Fairchild Hiller acquired Republic Aviation Corp., suffering at the time from production phase-outs of the F-105 fighter-bomber, and subsisting on F-105 modification orders and subcontracts from other aerospace companies.

Since then, Fairchild Hiller's sales have climbed from \$115 million to \$210 million for 1966. Along with the F-228, the company is engaged as a major subcontractor on the McDonnell F-4, the Boeing 747, the SST, and it is working with West German designers on what could be a multibillion-dollar vertical-takeoff and landing aircraft. With such projects under way, Fairchild President Edward G. Uhl's forecast of doubled sales within the next six years seems somewhat conservative.

WALL STREET

A Stop to the Swap?

So many trinkets were attached to a minor tax bill passed by Congress last October that the measure became known as "the Christmas Tree Act of 1966." As far as some investors and mutual-fund salesmen are concerned, one of the uglier ornaments was a rider tightening up Section 351(a) of the Internal Revenue Code. It ruled out the establishment of any exchange funds or—as they are more commonly known—swap funds that had not been registered with the



UHL & FAIRCHILD



MODEL OF F-28 SHORT-HAUL JET

Bread and butter on a Dutch treat.

CORPORATIONS

New Entry in the Compact-Jet Market

The roar of publicity over such super-commercial airplanes as the SST and Boeing's 747 jumbo jet has largely drowned out the hum of a smaller but still important market. Lured by the economy of jet planes and lifted by their earnings from increased traffic, regional airlines around the U.S. have been moving into the jet age, casting off decrepit DC-3s and aging Convairs, which gave them their start. British Aircraft Corp., with its BAC-111, and both Boeing and Douglas have tapped the regional market with small, fast jet airplanes designed for short runs and shorter runways.

Halting Costs. Last week, an unexpected new entry moved in for a share of the compact-jet market. Fairchild Hiller Corp. of Hagerstown, Md., announced that it will soon begin U.S. production of the F-228, a twin-engine jet that will carry from 50 to 60 passengers, cruise at 500 m.p.h., give optimum performance on the 100-mile to 200-mile hops that are the bread and butter of the regionals. Fairchild will produce the plane in cooperation with Royal Netherlands Aircraft Factories Fokker. Between the Dutch com-

Boeing and G.E. need to make prototypes. Last week, however, the Administration hit on a new maneuver to start the SST toward the sky.

Quite simply, the Administration wants more tangible support from the most voluble champions of the SST. This week chiefs of the plane's U.S. customers—eleven airlines and one leasing company—will meet with Federal Aviation Agency brass to hear a plan for their direct participation in the prototype financing. The FAA wants them to chip in \$1,000,000 for each of the 58 planes they have on order, over and above the \$100,000-a-plane deposits they have already made. Later, foreign airlines, which have signed up for 56 SSTs, may be asked to join in too. The lines may also be asked to make "progress payments" on their \$35 million jets.

Beyond their relatively small deposits, the only monetary stake the airlines have had in the SST until now has been an agreement to help the Government recoup its investment by paying royalties once their planes are delivered. To be sure, the "progress payments" will not account for much of the two prototypes' estimated \$5 billion cost, 90% of which will be paid by the Government. But the airlines' show of confidence could have some clout with an ornery Congress that includes liberal Demo-

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-the series 40-**



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only improvement
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It's that extra window we added on each side. The other improvement is less visible—but far more important.

Sabreliner now has two Pratt and Whitney JT12A-8 engines—with more power for takeoff, climb and cruise.

Its performance was already incomparable: 45,000 ft. certification; 560 mph cruising speed, with 6 passengers and 240 pounds of baggage; 1,900 statute-mile range.

Now, with those powerful, new—8 engines, Sabreliner is the only twin-jet that can take off from high altitude fields such as Mexico City, Colorado Springs, and Saratoga, Wyoming, and still fly 1,900 miles. In fact, this extra power means Sabreliner has the shortest FAA takeoff runway length of all business jets.

Naturally, the Sabreliner Series 40 has met and sur-

passed the FAA Part 25 IFR regulations—the same ones that govern major airline jets.

Other features that always made Sabreliner incomparable are still there: the unique 2-year/1500-hour warranty; proven reliability in over 800,000 flight hours.

For reasons like these, Sabreliners have insurance rates of only .7 to .9%, while other twin-jets are rated considerably higher.

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is to sort out the essential from
the transitory, to get to the
bottom of conflicting claims,
to pierce through the propa-
ganda and the puffery, to try
to get the facts right and to
make the conclusions sound.



from TIME Publisher's Letter

Scotts

A more beautiful
America begins
at home—
front and back.

Securities and Exchange Commission be-
fore last Jan. 1.

Designed for the stockholder with a
large interest in a single stock and a
distaste for capital-gains taxes of up to
25%, the swap enables him to pool his
shares with similar owners of other
stocks and profit from diversification. So
successful has the idea been that 26
swap funds are now operating, and 13
more were registered before the cutoff.

Fast Rise. Even in the vast and fast-
growing mutual-fund business, the swaps
have had a remarkable rise. The first was
organized less than seven years ago by
Denver banker William M.B. Berger, 41,
who had the bright—and right—
idea that Section 351(a), which had
been drawn to allow the tax-free trans-
fers of property to a new corporation
in exchange for stock, could also apply
to individual stockholders. His Centennial
Fund drew 191 investors, who
pooled securities worth \$25,800,000.
Berger's idea has been widely copied.
Boston's Vance, Sanders & Co. operates
four funds currently worth \$311.2 mil-
lion. Pittsburgh Fund Manager John F.
Donahue, 42, a West Point graduate
and onetime SAC pilot, will, with six
new funds registered before the cutoff
date, soon be overseeing 13 swaps with
a total of \$500 million in them.

In all, some 24,000 people now have
nearly \$1 billion worth of "deposits" in
such funds. Studying twelve swap funds,
the Wall Street firm of Arthur Wiesen-
berger & Co. found that their average
per-share value declined 7% last year
v. a 1.2% drop for capital-gains-type
funds and a 2.8% decline for growth
funds. The participants scarcely mind.
They range from moguls down to Sears,
Roebuck employees retiring with large
blobs of stock, and they are mostly in-
terested in postponing that capital-gains
bite while diversifying under profes-
sional management.

Big Ticket. While depositors now in
swaps will continue to enjoy their ben-
efits, no newcomers can be admitted
after April 30. The newly forming funds,
as a result, are being swamped. "We're
doing a really big business now," says
Roger S. McCollister, national manager
of mutual-fund sales for Dean Witter &
Co., "because investors feel this is the
last train out of the station."

Brokers like McCollister insist that
the Government is making a mistake by
ending the swaps on the grounds that
they are depriving the U.S. of capital-
gains tax revenue. Left to their own
devices, the professionals maintain, stock-
holders are not likely to sell the stocks
and pay the tax; moreover the Govern-
ment collects whenever fund managers
sell off some shares to pay costs or
make portfolio changes. The brokers,
of course, are also sorry to lose "big
ticket" business. The average swap-fund
transaction involves \$85,000 in the
stock and a \$2,975 commission v. the
average commission of about \$80 for
all transactions on the New York
Stock Exchange.



OLIN MATHIESON'S FUNSTON
Not too heavy a tax.

EXECUTIVES

To the Letter

As president of the New York Stock
Exchange for 15 years, G. Keith Fun-
ston always insisted that Big Board
corporations promptly report significant
changes in management. Living up to
the letter of that rule last week was the
Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp., whose
messengers appeared promptly and si-
multaneously at wire services, publica-
tions and TV networks to pass the
word that the company's new chairman
would be none other than G. Keith
Funston, 56, who is retiring from the
Exchange when his present contract
runs out in September.

The job is not likely to tax Funston's
energies. His duties will include presid-
ing over meetings and, as Funston ex-
pressed it, "speaking out on general
economic matters." He will be free to sit
on other boards where there is no con-
flict of interest with a broadening com-
pany, which deals in 4,500 products,
from shotguns to toothbrushes. The
new chairman will also be free to pur-
sue such pastimes as archaeology and
golf as well as his post of senior warden
at Christ Church (Episcopal) in Green-
wich, Conn.

Olin Mathieson's management will
remain very much in the hands of Presi-
dent and Chief Executive Gordon
Grand Jr., 49. After the sudden death
last October of Olin Chairman N. Har-
vey Collison, Grand assumed that role
in addition to his own duties, but will
now be able to relinquish the chair.
Since he took charge 22 months ago,
Grand has pulled Olin Mathieson's dis-
parate operations together into five
groups, expanded its operations in 70
countries. At the time he assumed pow-
er, he forecast that the corporation
would exceed \$1 billion in annual sales
by 1967; last week Olin Mathieson re-
ported a 19% gain in sales, to \$1.1
billion, in 1966.

RAILROADS

Rolling & Ready

While their merger deal is clacking along at milk-train speed, the Penn Central partners are rolling up a lot of momentum on their own. Two weeks ago, Pennsylvania Railroad Chairman Stuart T. Saunders, who will be the Penn Central's chairman, reported that the Pennsy's consolidated profits had gone up 29% last year to a 21-year high of \$90 million. Coming out with its own returns last week, the New York Central announced that 1966 was the company's best year ever, with earnings up 25% to \$66 million.

The figures make the merger, which will form the world's biggest privately owned railroad (20,000 miles), seem a richer deal than ever—but no less necessary. Central President Alfred E. Perlman complained that his company's profit was still "peanuts." Saunders echoed Perlman's conviction that the merged roads could do a lot better.

Ironically, it was Saunders' own skill that helped build one of the roads that now have the Penn Central, originally given the green light by the ICC last April, tied up in the Supreme Court. The Norfolk & Western, which he headed in 1958-63 and grudgingly calls "by all odds, the most profitable railroad in the world," two weeks ago reported record earnings of \$98 million—highest of all U.S. roads except for the huge Southern Pacific (\$100 million).

Even if it gets Supreme Court approval, possibly this spring, the Penn Central track may not be as polished as it appeared when the merger plan was announced back in 1961. For one thing, the ICC has ordered it to indemnify some smaller railroads for freight losses they may incur from the merger. Bend-



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February 1, 1967

ing to another ICC demand, the Penn Central has agreed to buy the bankrupt New Haven Railroad for \$140 million, and that price may go up. Last month the ICC began hearings at which New Haven creditors complained that the price is far too low in view of some estimates that place the New Haven's value at \$160 million or more.

MERGERS

Objector at the Wedding

Presiding over the merger marriage of the International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. and the American Broadcasting Cos. into a \$2 billion corporation, the Federal Communications Commission approved the union seven weeks ago and allowed a formal exchange of stock. But one day before the merger was effective, the Justice Department behaved like a guest who rises to stop a wedding ceremony when the minister asks for final objections. Justice's anti-trust lawyers demanded a postponement and reconsideration of the move because of the possibility of "competitive dangers." Last week, after more hot debate, the commission by a 5-to-2 vote agreed to the postponement.

Despite the vote, the FCC was as irked about the interruption as were ITT and ABC. The Justice Department, the FCC pointed out in its stay order, had been invited to enter the nine-month proceeding at its outset but responded for the first time only seven weeks before the merger was approved. Indeed, said the commission testily, Justice had actually violated the Federal Communications Act by not replying sooner. "If the petition before us had been filed by a private party," said the FCC majority, "it would be denied."

In what is fast becoming an ugly intragovernmental feud over the creation of an electronics and broadcasting

giant, the Justice Department insisted that the FCC had violated the law by not holding more complete hearings. Anti-trust Chief Donald F. Turner is arguing that the merger may be harmful on at least two grounds: 1) that ITT once intended to create a fourth television network and is buying up the third instead, and 2) that ITT anticipates a tidy cash flow from ABC. ABC lawyers contend that a reverse flow will be more likely: at least \$140 million will have to be poured into the network in order to make it competitive in such areas as color telecasting and sports and news coverage.

Granting the stay order last week, the FCC set a tight timetable. The Justice Department was given two weeks to introduce evidence. After that, and after counterarguments are entered by ABC and ITT, the commission will decide whether to reopen the case and reconsider its previous approval. Chances are strong that it will reaffirm the merger. They are equally strong that Justice will then take the whole affair to court.

COMMUNICATIONS

Pocket Paging

When a century-old Manhattan building collapsed last month, killing five demolition workers and snarling midtown traffic for blocks, the N.Y. World Journal Tribune rerouted its delivery trucks by signaling them with an electronic paging device. Later in the same day, the N.Y. Times used a similar instrument to keep in touch with a photographer covering a New York Central train derailment in Harlem.

With receivers as small and portable as a hip flask, one-way radio pagers are now a hot item. Some emit only a beep that tells the recipient to call his office from wherever he is. Others give out a beep-voice combination. Either way,

the system is simple in concept: Party A wants to reach Party B, who is nowhere near a telephone. Party A calls a radio-paging center. There, an operator sends out an individually toned beep, or a voice instruction, to Party B, who is wearing a paging device. Party B goes to a telephone and calls in, or follows the vocal instruction.

Using the pagers are thousands of doctors, construction bosses, executives, real estate salesmen and repair men. Undertakers in Chicago contact freelance embalmers by radio pager, and in Miami funeral directors are paged at graveside the same way. Off the Atlantic coast, fishing craft without ship-to-shore rigs are called in by radio pagers when storms threaten. In Denver, one motel-maintenance engineer packs a pager, and an executive beeps his daughter when he thinks that she ought to start home from an evening date.

Among manufacturers of radio pagers, Motorola dominates, with about 80% of the market. Its Pageboy receivers range in price from \$180 for low-frequency units, to \$275 for VHF. Low-frequency transmission requires no FCC license, is mostly for on-the-premise calls. Low-frequency beepers keep executives on their toes in 66 IBM plants throughout the U.S., New York's Americana Hotel coordinates staff activities with them, and department stores use them to alert floorwalking detectives when shoplifters are spotted.

High-frequency pagers have a range of 15-30 miles, can be rented for about \$15 a month. Largest of the companies that operate 151 transmitting stations in the U.S. is A.T. & T. Mother Bell, which provides Bellboy paging services for more than 10,000 customers in 25 cities, has inaugurated experimental direct-dial paging in Washington, D.C., and Seattle, awaits FCC approval of an application for more frequencies.



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Silver is costlier, aluminum is lighter, but Crucible stainless is stainless.

Some metals are full of don'ts. Don't leave fruit salad in silver bowls. It gets a funny taste.

Don't forget to polish silver. Before and after you use it.

Don't serve fish on silver. It tarnishes the silver.

Don't boil eggs in aluminum pots. Aluminum gets black water rings. Don't drop silver or aluminum. They're very soft. They dent.

When you buy kitchenware made of Crucible stainless, you're not buying a whole set of don'ts. Crucible stainless isn't fussy. It does what you want.

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Now that we think about it, there is one don't for stainless. Don't worry about it. We do the worrying when we make it.

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WORLD BUSINESS

GOLD

Barriers Up & Down

Gold—man's ancient measure of national wealth and power—prodded France and the U.S. along opposite economic paths last week.

The French dealt from strength. After 30 years of controls, the government restored freedom to the franc and, to the surprise of moneymen everywhere, abolished controls over gold as well. In the U.S., the Federal Reserve Board reported a symptom of weakness: the nation's gold stock fell another \$571 million last year, to \$13.2 billion, the lowest level since 1937.

By dropping all barriers to the import and export of francs and securities, and by ending restrictions against converting the franc into other currencies, De Gaulle's government aimed at raising France's relatively low standing as an international financial center. Frenchmen can now hold accounts in foreign banks, pay for hotel bills, purchases and apartments abroad with a French check. Though foreign investment and borrowing in France remain subject to some restrictions, foreigners can now freely acquire up to 20% of the capital of a French firm, invest in French stocks, buy French property.

Smugglers' Delight. All that will help Europe revive its money markets. Their present weakness not only helps to raise the cost of borrowing throughout Europe but indirectly contributes to a host of other problems, from industrial inefficiency to the technology gap. In freeing gold and the franc, De Gaulle also undercut the deeply ingrained instinct that has made France a nation of hoarders and smugglers. Restrictions on money leaving the country had sharpened the Gallic impulse to spirit cash into secret Swiss bank accounts or bury gold in gardens and mattresses. *Les hironnelles*, the friendly black marketeers, could scarcely believe what happened last week: at a stroke, De Gaulle had all but wiped them out.

France gained the monetary strength to choose this freedom greatly at U.S. expense. Cashing in the dollars it earns from its trade surplus, France since 1958 has drained the U.S. of \$3.6 billion in gold, amassed a solid \$5.5 billion official store of the yellow metal to back its currency. Though private gold holdings have been illegal in the U.S. for a generation, the nation backs its dollar abroad with gold, has lost gold in twelve of the past 16 years.

"Overcommitted." How to plug that drain, which is caused by the U.S. balance of payments deficit—has fired increasing debate. Former Treasury Under Secretary Robert Roosa contends that the U.S. is "overcommitted at home and abroad," warns that "rapidly mounting deficits in our foreign accounts could make 1967 a crucial year

for the dollar, and even for U.S. leadership in world affairs." Most bankers agree with Roosa that domestic interest rates must be lowered only gradually to protect the U.S. against a perilous outflow of dollars and gold to high-rate Europe.

President Johnson, however, is pushing for cheaper money at home and more direct controls to keep it there. To the dismay of many Europeans, the President recently asked Congress to give him power to double the 1% tax on foreign securities sold in the U.S. and foreign loans of more than a year by U.S. banks. Last week

countryside between two industrial centers, Milan and Bergamo. The community will be a "completely equipped organism," housing 1,000 or so light industries, which will provide jobs for an ultimate population of 50,000. Thus "Zingonia," as it is called, differs from most European new towns since it is a money-making private venture rather than a policy-serving public project.

A banker and real estate operator who grew rich in Milan's postwar boom, Zingone will ultimately pour \$40 million into the venture. Zingonia began three years ago when he bought a cluster of five hamlets, two of which were



Federal Reserve Board Member Sherman Maisel, a Johnson appointee, proposed still sterner curbs, including U.S. income taxes on foreign earnings of U.S. corporations and a direct tax on foreign investment by U.S. firms. "The present tax policy leads to outflows of capital," insisted Maisel, "and therefore to balance of payments problems."

Many businessmen contend that Maisel is on shaky ground, if only because U.S. companies last year brought more dollars home in profits than they invested overseas. Whatever the prescription, the U.S. clearly must move soon to control the dollar hemorrhage—or face unpleasant consequences.

ITALY

Planning Cities for Profit

Mark Twain may have enthused that "the Creator made Italy from designs by Michelangelo," but at least one Italian figures that the country's history-choked metropolitan mélange is not at all the thing for a modern industrial nation. Importing the "new towns" concept from other European countries and the U.S., Milanese financier Renzo Zingone, 58, is pushing a somewhat heretical "desire to build cities in a rational, non-chaotic fashion"—and at a profit.

Zingone's heresy is a complete new city, now rising on 2,000 acres of faded

conveniently classified as "depressed areas." There he is setting up prefabricated factories and warehouses for sale to firms attracted by the benefits given to depressed areas: ten-year freedom from taxes, plus cheap 5% government loans. So far 112 firms, German, Dutch and Swiss as well as Italian, have begun turning out products ranging from ceramics to motorcycles.

In its growing residential sector, Zingonia offers \$7,000 apartments and \$30,000 two-story villas. The area is separated from the industrial sector by a park, civic center, soccer stadiums, swimming pools and tennis courts. Zingone has already almost recouped some \$10 million he invested in a smaller community ("Quartiere Zingone") outside Milan that houses 8,700 people, and has attracted such U.S. firms as Pfizer and International Harvester. He expects to get his \$40 million back from Zingonia—with a handsome profit—by 1974, when he turns its municipal buildings and 45 miles of public roads over to a yet-to-be-created municipal government.

Before then, Builder Zingone plans to head—quite literally—for the hills. Pitting pragmatism against civic pride, he is planning a residential center in the Tuscan highlands outside Florence on the theory that "after the floods last fall, Florentines would welcome a place to live safe up in the hills."



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MILESTONES

Born. To Hildarene Harris, 31, Brooklyn, N.Y., practical nurse, and Lionel Harris, 31, \$106-a-week postal clerk: quintuplets (four girls and a boy, one girl stillborn, the others expected to live); after taking a fertility drug following five years of childless marriage; in Brooklyn. Two days later, Maria Flores de Ortiz, 28, the wife of a Mexican farm worker, gave birth to five girls (one stillborn) in Chavarría, 65 miles from Mexico City; she already has three boys, took no drugs.

Married. Marie Tippit, 38, mother of three and widow of Dallas Policeman J. D. Tippit, who was Lee Harvey Oswald's second victim on Nov. 22, 1963, after which donors contributed to a fund for her family that eventually totaled \$750,000; and Harry Dean Thomas, 44, a Dallas police lieutenant whom she met last year; both for the second time (he was divorced by his first wife in February 1966); in Dallas.

Died. Graham A. Barden, 70, Democratic Congressman from North Carolina's Third District (southeast part of the state) and predecessor of Adam Clayton Powell as chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor, a dedicated obstructionist who during 13 terms in Congress never wavered in his support of states rights and segregation, took pride in blocking education and labor legislation ("I never knew the Republic to be endangered by a bill that was not passed," he once said), notably in 1956 when he killed a \$1.6 billion school construction bill; of cancer; in New Bern, N.C.

Died. John Cooper Wiley, 73, U.S. diplomat, whose distinguished 38-year career took him from counselor of the first U.S. embassy in Soviet Russia in 1934 (among his subordinates: George F. Kennan, Charles Bohlen) to chargé d'affaires in Vienna, where he was one of the first to warn of Hitler's *Anschluss*, and on to ambassadorships in Colombia, Portugal, Iran and Panama, where in 1952 he negotiated a revision of the 1903 Canal Treaty to give Panama greater benefits from the waterway; of pneumonia; in Washington.

Died. Geoffrey O'Hara, 84, composer, who was the toast of Tin Pan Alley in 1913 when opera's great Caruso recorded *Your Eyes Have Told Me* and Al Jolson belted *Tennessee* to popularity, but is best remembered for his rollicking *K-K-Karv*, which became the barracks and marching favorite of World War I's doughboys; of hemolytic anemia; in St. Petersburg, Fla.

Died. Bishop Otto Dibelius, 86, leader of Germany's Evangelical (Lutheran) Church; after a stroke and erysipelas; in West Berlin (see RELIGION).



When a merger might be advantageous

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CINEMA

War Gone Wrong

The *Night of the Generals* is a murky mystery story of Nazi Germany. Based on a novel by Hans Hellmut Kirst, the film focuses on three officers who were involved in the abortive 1944 attempt to assassinate Hitler. One of them is also a latter-day Hans the Ripper who murders and mutilates a prostitute. After the three comes Major Grau (Omar Sharif), an intelligence officer whose magnificent obsession is justice. Outranked by the generals and outflanked by the Allies, he is determined that in the midst of the war's mass murders the wanton killing of one innocent woman shall not go unpunished. Grau at last traps the murderer (Peter O'Toole), only to be killed himself. True justice does not come until long after the war, when the guilty general is confronted with the evidence and shoots himself.

As the villain, O'Toole exhibits the now celebrated twitching lip and glazed stare that some viewers have seen too often—when he played Lawrence of Arabia, Lord Jim, and *Becket's* king. Omar Sharif, an Egyptian by birth, is German only by permission of the makeup and wardrobe departments, which have vainly tried to Teutonize him with severe pencil lines around the mouth and a crisp military tunic. Only Donald Pleasence, playing one of the generals who stays one jump ahead of the Sharif, infuses his role with a fresh mixture of blood and irony.

What attacks *Generals* fatally and finally is neither its cliché-ridden script nor its miscast stars, but the *gemütlich* approach of Director Anatole Litvak. The slick editing and the bright, bold colors seem less to polish the picture than to varnish it, and they cannot cover the film's faults. The wails of German-occupied Warsaw are too plump and well padded, the armies seem too

clean and well mannered. And the officers are too self-consciously symbolic of Germany's decadence and decency, grossness and grace. Somewhere beneath it all is a plausible plot and a powerful picture gone wrong.

Daring to Be Different

A *Fistful of Dollars*. Once in a great while a western comes along that breaks new ground and becomes a classic of the genre. *Stagecoach* was one. So was *High Noon*. This year *A Fistful of Dollars* is the feature that dares to be different. It may well be the first western since *The Great Train Robbery* without a subplot. A man (Clint Eastwood) rides into town on a mule, kills a whole bunch of bad guys, kills some more bad guys, and then as a change of pace, kills some more bad guys. Then he



EASTWOOD IN "FISTFUL"
Not by the word.

rides out of town. Music up. Fade out.

Made overseas by an Italian director (Sergio Leone), based loosely on the Japanese film *Yojimbo*, and featuring a multilingual cast, *Fistful* should have been a loser from the word *avanti*. Instead it has become the fastest draw in Italy, outgrossing *My Fair Lady* and *Mary Poppins*. So far, it has made some \$7,000,000 in Europe and spawned two equally hot sequels, *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly* and *For a Few Dollars More*—which earned Eastwood a few dollars more, jumping his salary from \$15,000 per picture to \$250,000.

Whatever his financial arrangements, Actor Eastwood, the sometime star of television's *Rawhide*, is certainly not paid by the word. In *Fistful* he hardly talks at all. Doesn't shave, either. Just draws orders. Sometimes the bad guys draw back. Just as tersely. Trouble is, after they stop talking, their lips keep moving. That's because the picture is dubbed. Like the villains, it was shot in Spain. Pity it wasn't buried there.



LANE & JOHNSTONE IN "RUSH"
Less wrong than rot.

Point of Disorder

Rush to Judgment. It would appear difficult to make a dull film about John Kennedy's assassination and its aftermath. Difficult, but not impossible. Mark Lane has done it.

Lane presented his case for Lee Harvey Oswald's innocence last year, in the bestselling book *Rush to Judgment*. Though one-sided and full of obvious flaws, the book had a certain coherence and raised disturbing doubts in the minds of many readers. Possibly because pictures are harder to edit than words, the film version nakedly exposes the fragility of Lane's theorizing. Directed by Emile de Antonio, who made an effective movie about the McCarthy hearings, *Point of Order*, it purports to be a documentary. Actually, it is one long point of disorder—a poorly edited melange of Lane's interviews with men and women peripherally involved in the events of the four black days in Dallas. One such witness, for example, is Joseph W. Johnstone Jr., a pianist at Jack Ruby's nightclub.

Obsessively seeking to discredit the findings of the Warren Commission, Lane reaches into a mixed bag of legal tricks. He demands conclusions from a witness. "Do you think it's rather curious that . . . you were not called by the commission?" He asks, leading questions: "Who mutilated the picture after it was in the commission's hands?" And his film includes unprovable allusions to unexhibited evidence: "There are at least eight persons now dead, either from murder or at least strange deaths, who were closely related to Jack Ruby or Lee Harvey Oswald . . . Something is wrong in the land."

As counsel for the defense, Lane should never have gone to the jury—in this case the moviegoing public—with such a shaky case. He appears to be under the impression that *Rush to Judgment* rips the hide off America to expose the corruption beneath. But it only exposes the dry rot of his own unreasonable arguments.



O'TOOLE IN "GENERALS"
More varnish than polish.

BOOKS

Intimations of Mortality

THE MAN WHO KNEW KENNEDY by Vance Bourjaily. 312 pages. Dial. \$5.95.

"For a couple of years before and after the assassination of John F. Kennedy," recalls Novelist Vance Bourjaily, "you'd find yourself talking with someone who had served with him in the war, who'd shaken his hand or been acquainted with some member of his family." A generation felt that it knew J.F.K.—or in a special sort of way understood him. "It must have been partly because of this personal feeling," says Bourjaily, "that the assassination hit us like a death in the family."

Amid the flood of nonfiction about the Kennedy era and its end, Bourjaily's new novel is the first effort to capture its impact in fiction. His book emerges as a civilized and affecting account of how the generation closest to Kennedy in age and aspirations took his death.

Retreat Home. Bourjaily describes the assassination's effect chiefly on two men. One actually knew Kennedy. Dave Doremus not only sailed against Jack as a boy, but he also shared a ward with him in a naval hospital. The other, Barney James, is Doremus' lifelong friend. The story begins when Bourjaily's characters hear of the assassination. Barney and his wife are about to sail on a cruise with Dave and Dave's new wife when the "news from the southwest" reaches them. An instinctual fear that "something is moving around out there in the night" sends Barney James retreating to Connecticut and his children.

The novel's title is an allusion to Sinclair Lewis' *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*, which Barney read at 14. At 40, he now admits that "nothing stayed with me but the title." And James quickly makes clear that he is no Lewis-style caricature of a Babbitt businessman. As the head of a New England wood-products factory, he has a fierce and principled pride in the quality of what he makes and in the dignity of the men who work for him. His resources as a human being are as varied as the generation he and his friend Dave represent. In fact, there are times when he seems a little too good, too rounded to be true: he is an athlete, a flyer, loves music, systematically rereads Shakespeare, and does his own household carpentry.

Barney James is, in sum, a man well worth knowing, and he establishes an instant, easy rapport with his audience. Through Barney's memories—the flash-

backs are as elegantly managed as anything since James Gould Cozzens' *Big Love Possessed*—the reader comes to know Dave Doremus, the man who knew Kennedy.

Wings Cigarettes. Though Doremus has something of Kennedy's style and personal charm, in the six months following the assassination he comes to ruin in marriage, in business, and finally in life. In the end he commits suicide, having expended his gifts unwisely, particularly his second wife, a mentally unstable and drug-ridden singer. Though Kennedy's fate and Doremus' have far different origins, the twice-bereaved Barney finds a bleak common moral: "Every man, even the most blessed, needs



VANCE BOURJAILY
Like a death in the family.

a little more than average luck to survive this world."

This fifth novel of Bourjaily's says more than that. It is an evocation of the memories of a whole generation, from the 10¢ Wings cigarettes of the Depression to the melodies of forgotten songs and long-silenced dance bands. The author's dialogue rings as accurately as John O'Hara's, and the New England pride of place and family are handled with the sureness of J. P. Marquand. The rhythm of the seas moves through the novel's pages, from an idyllic postwar voyage down the New England coast to the final, brilliant set piece, a Caribbean cruise over which Dave's doom gathers like a rife slowly being sighted down a sunny avenue. A misty morning approach to Columbus' landfall on San Salvador provides the symbol of all that was thought possible, the poignancy of all that was believed lost, by the generation that knew Kennedy.

Whose Arrogance?

THE ARROGANCE OF POWER by Senator J. William Fulbright. 264 pages. Random House. \$4.95.

The war in Viet Nam presents some Americans with an unparalleled opportunity to indulge in a national habit: self-criticism. In this expansion of three lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins, Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman J. William Fulbright raises enough dire doubts about the American character to doom a dozen Romes.

"Power confuses itself with virtue," argues Fulbright. It "tends also to take itself for omnipotence." In its attempt to "spread the gospel of democracy," he suggests, the U.S. stands in danger of overextending itself. Central to America's messianic urge is "a national mythology, cultivated in Fourth of July speeches and slick publications, which holds that we are a revolutionary society, that ours was the 'true' revolution which ought to be an inspiration for every revolutionary movement in the world." Quite the contrary is true, maintains Fulbright. America is actually an "unrevolutionary society." It fails totally to show "empathy for the great revolutions of our time."

Angels or Murderers? Repeating his familiar line, Fulbright warns that Washington is alienating most of the world with its "international policeman" tactics. At the same time, he says, the U.S. is thwarting the very nationalism that American policy has traditionally supported. The U.S. should by and large forget about fighting Communism, he urges, and concentrate on backing nationalism: when Communism captures a nationalist movement, the U.S. ought to accept that.

Viet Nam brings out the most apocalyptic of Fulbright's denunciations. "We see the Viet Cong, who cut the throats of village chiefs, as savage murderers," he says, but we see "American flyers who incinerate unsewn women and children with napalm as valiant fighters for freedom." Such oversimplified formulations do little to make Fulbright's thesis credible. What distinguishes Viet Nam from every earlier American war is remarkable restraint and the very lack of jingoism that provides Fulbright with an audience.

Stridency or Magnanimity? Indeed, it is oversimplification that destroys this elegantly written and highly provocative book. There are plenty of real faults in U.S. policy to attack, but Fulbright spends more of his time attacking a gross caricature of U.S. policy. Americans, he charges, consider themselves "God's avenging angels" in the fight against Communism—but who really feels this way? Fulbright argues convincingly that Communism is no longer entirely evil—but that is a fact most Americans grasped nearly a decade ago. He glooms on and on about the high moral and material cost of the Southeast Asian war, yet fails to point out the

* One of the poorest of Sinclair Lewis' Midwestern novels, written in the late 1920s, its businessman anti-hero is Lowell Schmalzer, who lives in Zenith, admires George Babbitt, and delivers endless monologues on Calvin Coolidge, cafeterias, motor trips, radio, etc. Coolidge sample: "Maybe he isn't what my daughter would call so 'Ritz' . . . he may not shoot off a lot of fireworks, but you know what he is? He's safe."

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considerable gains the American stand has already helped to produce: a re-aligned Indonesia, a holder Burma, a convulsion within China itself.

Least convincing is Fulbright's proposed solution to Viet Nam. Arguing that "the true mark of greatness is not stridency but magnanimity," Fulbright would have the U.S. follow an eight-point program—including unilateral cessation of bombing and an advance guarantee of Viet Cong participation in the Saigon government—aimed at neutralizing all of Southeast Asia. Such magnanimity might indeed be a cure for American arrogance, but it might also cure any of the region's slender hopes for independence and democracy.



CHAMBERS (1948)
On the couch of Procrustes.

Slander of a Dead Man

FRIENDSHIP AND FRATRICIDE: AN ANALYSIS OF WHITTAKER CHAMBERS & ALGER HISS by Meyer A. Zeligs, M.D. 476 pages. Viking, \$8.95.

This is not a conventional biography, but something that might be called a "psychograph." Like the recently published study by Sigmund Freud and William Bullitt of President Wilson, it applies psychoanalytic theory to a subject the author did not know, let alone treat.

To a whole new generation, the Hiss-Chambers case is only a dim memory or a hearsay mystery, but it retains its historical significance and fascination. If one assumes that Hiss was guilty, his behavior made perfect sense; by his denial of the charges against him, he was trying to hide his Communist past. But if one assumes that Hiss was innocent, the behavior of his accuser, Whittaker Chambers, made no sense at all; what could his motive have been for accusing an innocent man? The only plausible answer: he must have been mad. From the start, people who could not accept Hiss's guilt took refuge in that belief. Now a reputable psychiatrist has written

a massive book in support of that thesis.

In 1950, a federal jury found Hiss guilty of lying when he denied having passed state secrets to Chambers, who had been a Communist spy. San Francisco's Dr. Meyer A. Zeligs asserts that he is not concerned with anyone's guilt or innocence. But he admits that "whatever imbalance" the book contains he has "carefully left untouched." That is putting it mildly. Zeligs has, in effect, undertaken to rewrite Chambers' autobiography, *Witness*, and reshape its author to fit a Procrustean bed of neuroses. To a more casual reader, *Witness*, while a little Wagnerian in style, presents the picture of a very emotional man who was driven by a capacity for total dedication, first to Communism and then to combating Communism. But to Dr. Zeligs, Chambers was a sex freak, a gnome of evil spirit, whose life was a phantasmagoria of "psychic manipulations."

From his birth to his death (hinted in the book to be suicide, even though he was known to be seriously ill with heart trouble), Whittaker Chambers was a guilt-ridden man, in Zeligs' view. He felt guilty for his painful birth, guilty for his "hatred" of his parents, and guilty for his love of his brother Richard, a wild, leeching lad who committed suicide at 22. Chambers' whole life, to hear Zeligs tell it, became a search for a mystical brother whom he could force to reenact a ritual death pact. The consummation of that search was the symbolic destruction of his "mystical brother," Alger Hiss.

Pumpkin Idol. The rest of the analysis is equally imaginative. When Chambers climbs through a window (in the course of his tempestuous courtship of his future wife) he is not climbing through a window, he is "symbolically re-enacting the fantasy of his birth and the near-loss of his mother." His gift for self-dramatization and his vivid imagination are turned into alleged proof that nothing he said could be true.

The conspiratorial behavior characteristic of all spies is used as evidence of Chambers' psychopathic eccentricity. And the celebrated pumpkin was not a pumpkin at all but Chambers' own deconstructed fantasy of "a pumpkin-shaped idol (Fate)," a sort of vegetable womb by which Chambers was able to "deliver himself" of a "brainchild." Writes Zeligs in all solemnity: "In the symbolic act of hiding the microfilm for ten years (gestation), then transplanting (inseminating) it to the inside of a pumpkin from which he had scraped out the natural seeds (aborted), and then 'delivering' his self-created 'life preserver' to the committee investigators, there is discernible the recapitulation of his death-and-rebirth fantasy."

Granted that psychoanalysis speaks in

Some State Department documents and Hiss's handwritten notes about others, which Chambers testified he had received from him in 1938.

metaphors, those who do not view human events solely through Dr. Zeligs' Freudian prism can only feebly object that when Chambers delivered his papers, he did not become a mother. The House Committee on Un-American Activities has been called many things, but it has never before been mistaken for a panel of gynecologists.

Freudian Jujus. Unfortunately for Dr. Zeligs' credibility, he is obliged to go outside his own closed system from time to time and face solid pieces of evidence. But even these become "magic objects," "fetishes," or "idols." Yet the object that sealed Hiss's verdict was no Freudian jujū; it was a Woodstock typewriter, which could



HISS (1948)
So kind.

hardly have been conjured from Chambers' dressed imagination. Confronted with this fact, the imagination of others conjured up a second typewriter, constructed by persons to frame Hiss. For Dr. Zeligs, this infernal machine exists because it must exist, just as for some theorists about the Kennedy assassination there must be two Lee Harvey Oswalds.

Dr. Zeligs seems to consider almost anything admissible evidence. Chambers' alleged homosexuality is supported by a single unnamed witness who claimed that in 1932 he was assaulted by Chambers in his sleep. It is certainly remarkable, considering the pitiless scrutiny to which Chambers' life was subjected by numberless investigators eager to discredit him, that no stronger evidence than this was ever uncovered.

Although Dr. Zeligs' implacable curiosity has followed Chambers from behind the cradle to beyond the grave, the same psychiatric attentions have not been visited upon Alger Hiss. He is presented as a man of great capacity, singularly kind, though with a somewhat formal cast of mind. Unlike suicides in the Chambers family, which become clues to a sinister pathology of character, the suicides of Hiss's father and

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sister are simply private misfortunes borne with dignity and fortitude. But then, Chambers did not cooperate with his retrospective analyst, while Hiss did. In fact, Hiss corresponded voluminously with Zelig and went over the manuscript before publication.

Friendship and Fratricide is an ingenious but grotesque book. It is also, in the guise of dispassionate scientific inquiry, the slander of a dead man.

No Grace from God

MEYER MEYER by Helen Hudson, 189 pages, Dutton, \$4.50.

Far der velt muz men mer voytse zayn vi far Got aleyn, says the Yiddish proverb, "The world is more exacting than God himself." It is a maxim that runs like a black thread through the fabric of American Jewish literature—from Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep* to Saul Bellow's *Herzog*. In *Meyer Meyer*, Author Helen Hudson follows the pattern by providing a translation of her own. In the secular cities of the earth, grace is granted not to those who reach up to God, but to those who reach out to man.

For proof, she offers the story of Meyer Benjamin Meyer and his only crony, Mendel Berg. Middle-aged and resolutely unglamorous, they cower behind their jobs as history professors, publishing judgments on the past, but utterly unable to embrace the present. They wander aimlessly through the narrow corridors of New York universities and the narrow-minded cocktail parties of the city.

To his surprise, Mendel escapes by courting a deeply disturbed woman. When he marries her and takes on fresh responsibilities, he finds himself free. Given the same sort of opportunity, Meyer remains trapped. He falls in love with Lena, a middle-aged sculptor, but when the time comes to declare himself, he retreats into his customary caution—waiting, watching, chary before choice. Then at last Lena does him a favor—she dies. At her funeral, Meyer surveys her friends. "Terrible people," he tells himself later. "Terrible. I should never have gotten involved." He never will again.

Odd Pieces. A bleak story, surely, and an old one. But Helen Hudson, who cast a cold eye on college professors in an excellent first novel, *Tell the Time to No One*, has a pitiless yet imaginative gaze. To one of her subjects, Sunday in the city is "a great gap surrounded by walls, emptied of one week and not yet filled with the next." To another, "Christmas is a hateful time; the bunting was pretending to tie up a whole city into one cozy bundle. But the string was too slack. Odd pieces like Meyer kept falling out."

In the end, examined by a professional, the characters of *Meyer Meyer* become, like the novel itself, minor and monochromatic, but touched with small ironies and large truths.



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